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The Week

ON June 1st and 2nd the city of Tulsa, Oklahoma, was the seat of a race riot in which thirty persons lost their lives, and the Negro residence district was destroyed. It is some satisfaction to note that the militia acted efficiently, not, as in East St. Louis, in fear of, or in collusion with the mob. It is further satisfactory to note that the city seems visited by a genuine spirit of repentance. Plans are reported for replacing the burned houses at public expense. The local newspapers are conscience-stricken. Says the Tulsa World: "Proud, matchless Tulsa comes before the bar of Christian civilization this day, and with head bowed, the mantle of shame upon her cheek, and, we sincerely hope, with deep regret in her heart, asks that she be pardoned."

PROUD, matchless Tulsa was, on the night of November 9th, 1917, the seat of another outrage. Seventeen men, members of the I. W. W., were taken from the city jail by a mob, whipped, tarred and feathered, "in the name of the women and children of Belgium," and turned adrift in the open country with the warning not to return. On this occasion the local press expressed no regret, and indeed incited the violence. It is not unfair to quote the Tulsa World's editorial on the afternoon of November 9th: "If the I. W. W. or its twin brother, the Oil Workers Union, gets busy in your neighborhood, kindly take occasion to decrease the supply of hemp. . . . The first step in whipping Germany is to strangle the I. W. W.'s. Kill them, just as you would kill any other kind of a snake. Don't scotch 'em; kill 'em. And kill 'em dead. It is no time to waste money on trials and continuances and things like that. All that is necessary is the evidence and a firing squad."

THE connection between these two events is not entirely obscure. The ostensible cause of the race riot was the assembling of Negroes at the jail to prevent a mob of Whites from lynching a Negro prisoner accused of assaulting a white girl. It would appear, however, that race trouble had been brewing for some time. A party of Negroes, who had fled from Tulsa before the riot, testified in New York that they had left in response to repeated warnings, and indicated that business interests in Tulsa were seeking to dispossess Negroes of real estate holdings valuable for oil. The ostensible cause of the attack on the I. W. W.'s was their disloyalty, but there again trouble had been brewing ever since the I. W. W.'s came into the oil fields and met with some success in getting workers to organize for better wages and hours. There was the usual stirring up of industrial prejudice, and the effort to represent explosions and fires, which may have been accidental, as the result of I. W. W. sabotage. Leading business men of the city acted with the mob which was organized at the Arsenal of the Home Guard. The editor of the World was a spectator. The police, who are accused only of inefficiency in connection with the

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race riot, acted by prearrangement with the mob against the I. W. W.'s, the Chief Inspector personally superintending the flogging.

PROUD matchless Tulsa provides thus an object lesson for the country. The deliberate sacrifice of law and order and civil rights to the passion of patriotism or the greed of business is bearing its proper fruit. The prominent citizens of Tulsa who demoralized their police force and were active in, or accessory to, mob action, will do well to raise the $1,500,000 necessary to restore the burned homes of the Negroes, but they should know that this is in part the price of commercial patriotism. When the Oklahoman assures its colored readers that they should trust implicitly in the operations of the American courts it should remember the trial of the I. W. W.'s before Judge T. D. Evans, who held them in confinement ready for the mob, and later convicted one of the victims on his return to Tulsa, for carrying concealed weapons (in his own house) with the remark: "You are not guilty, but I will have to fine you one hundred dollars. These are no ordinary times."

IN our society there is no gap so wide as that between the military or naval officer and the man in the ranks who must unquestioningly obey him, unless it be that between the ordinary citizen, for whom war is the greatest of calamities, and the man who makes war his business. In view of this, what most flattering to his pride and his beliefs can be said to the young Annapolis graduate by his superiors? One would scarcely choose the words spoken to the graduates by the President and the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Denby—who was himself an enlisted man in the marines during the war and speaks from an experience that, we take it, cannot always have been pleasant, said to them: "No one knows better than I with what contempt the enlisted man views an officer unduly burdened with the weight of his own importance . . . You must be officers, but not snobs. Your commissions are ill-bestowed unless you are free from a foolish vanity of rank." And President Harding told them that he hoped they would "never be called upon to draw a sword or fire a gun." How would young journalists feel if their chief expressed the hope that they might never be forced to dip their pens into their ink?

THE complete victory of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has been sealed by the signature, between the union and the manufacturers' association, of an agreement to run for one year. The chief point of the settlement is the reestablishment of the impartial adjustment machinery, which is once more to be under the able direction of Dr. W. E. Leiserson. The principle of the union shop is to prevail; the working week will be forty-four hours; a joint committee will determine the scale of wages, which are in general to be cut 15 per cent. In addition to this reduction, which it is hoped will help materially to lower the cost of clothing, the agreement provides that "in each shop group-standards of production are to be determined for each operation by representatives of the union and the employers." This measure should increase production at least 15 per cent, and with the wage cut it should enable the New York market to regain its former leadership. In spite of this peace Mr. Archibald Stevenson, known to all of us as a man whose untutored mind sees Reds in clouds and hears them in the wind, appears before the Senate, and urges investigation of the "un-American" Amalgamated and its plans to seize industry. For once we agree with him: by all means let us have an investigation, and find out whether he or the Amalgamated has been telling the truth.

CHAMPIONS of the present system of private management and individual initiative received a rude jolt when a committee of the American Engineering Council, appointed to inquire into the waste in our industries, recently made public its report. The building industry it estimates to be about sixty per cent efficient, the shoe industry, sixty-five per cent, and the average plant in the metal trades as twenty-four to thirty per cent behind the best plant in output per employee. And the engineers—who are in a better position than anybody else to judge—tell us that billions of dollars are tied up in idle equipment, that owners wilfully maintain high prices, and that high labor turnover is one of their commonest wastes. Throughout industry in general, they say, management alone is responsible for about half the waste, while only a quarter of the waste is laid at the door of labor. Yet for years there has been sedulously encouraged a popular belief that things were just the other way round—that labor was chiefly to blame for the restriction of production.

THE criminal trials as the result of the investigation of the Lockwood Committee into building conditions in New York have resulted in the sentence of Robert P. Brindell, the labor "czar" to Sing Sing for five years and the conviction of Peter Stadtmuller, his lieutenant, who is in the Tombs awaiting sentence. Meanwhile Judge Vernon M. Davis uses the discretion granted him

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by law to let off representatives of capital in the conspiracy with fines ranging from $300 to $7,000, and characterizes the protest of Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the special counsel for the committee, as an effort "improperly and unlawfully to influence the decision of the Court." For his part, Mr. Untermyer struggles manfully with the limitations of the language in the effort to express the contempt of Judge Davis' court which he feels. Of such administration of justice as he finds at the hands of this scrupulous jurist he says the "net result has been, in my opinion, to breed contempt for the law and to support a powerful argument in the hands of demagogues and enemies of organized society in favor of the claim that our criminal laws are not enforced against the rich and powerful in the same spirit as against the poor and lowly."

ON the other hand, the effort of the Building Trades Council, of which Brindell was President, to set its own house in order has been blocked by an official as zealous of prerogative as Judge Davis. Mr. John Donlin, President of the Building Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, respectfully informs the Council that it "has no right to investigate any body chartered by this department." According to The World, Roswell D. Tompkins, who retired to New Jersey during Brindell's trial, is still secretary of the Council, and the "strong arm" squad which Brindell called his "entertainment committee" still dominates the situation. Stephen Birmingham, the discharged policeman who tried to help Brindell's lame alibi walk at his trial, is still drawing salary as a member of the "compensation department" of the Council, and is seeking reinstatement on the police force. Evidently we are nearly "back to normalcy."

LAST week Mr. Untermyer, questioning witnesses before the Lockwood Committee, took the lid off the fire-insurance situation in New York, and a number of unpleasant facts have come to light. It is particularly disagreeable to learn the extent to which stock insurance companies are able to freeze out the mutuals. In this the law aids and abets them, for section 125 of the insurance laws of New York provides for conversions of the mutuals into stock companies on the sole condition that the policy holders receive thirty days in which to subscribe for stock in proportion to their premiums, and that at the end of this time all stock not subscribed for may be taken over by the directors and officers. So it is that the mutuals are being stifled, and high insurance rates maintained, and it is these mutuals which Governor Hughes' insurance investigation some years ago discovered were performing an extremely useful social function.

IN literature no less than in finance, more is given to those who already have something. The Editors of the Dial appreciate this, and have undertaken to reward the kind of merit that lacks the capital of fame. They have offered two thousand dollars to be given every year to one of their contributors, not as a prize, but as a scholarship, as a gift of one year of the leisure that every artist needs. There will be no strings to the gift: the winner may, if he chooses "blow in a whole year in one night." But he is more likely to spend the whole year to enrich his talents, and to use an opportunity to become the kind of young American writer the Dial so wisely and generously seeks to encourage.

MR. KRASSIN reminds us that, as the Soviets once retreated before Kolchak and Denikin, but finally conquered them, so now their economic retreat toward capitalism is only a temporary one. As outlined in Lenin's statement of policy to the congress of the Communist party, the retreat is on a large scale. Small cooperatives and private industries must be encouraged. Most important of all, the peasants are to be induced to grow more by the substitution of a tax in kind of one-third of their crops for the former method of requisition. The other two-thirds the peasants will be allowed to trade off through the revived cooperatives—which, says Lenin, the government has never fully utilized, "partly due to our own errors." Only by such means can exchange between the towns and the villages be reestablished, and, Lenin has quite fearlessly said that "In this field everything has been defective until now; it would be the greatest crime not to admit this fact." Ever since the defeat of the last White forces aided and abetted by the Allies, the Soviets have been openly admitting their mistakes. Thanks to foreign intervention, this process was postponed for three dark years. The retreat of theory before facts—now that Russia is at peace—completely justifies the assertion, repeatedly made by the New Republic, that the first condition of the restoration of Russia was to leave her alone.

THE World brings us news of intensified repression to be inaugurated in Ireland after July 12th. On the other hand, it contains an account of an occasion on June 2nd when for the first time a considerable number of influential members of the Coalition arose in their places in the House of Commons

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and smote the authors of this policy of cruelty, futility, and despair. General Seeley said: "It is necessary to stop brutal murders and to respect the homes of the Irish people." Lord Henry Bentinck said: "We are not going to get peace in Ireland by a policy of arson." Captain Mosley, son-in-law of Lord Curzon, said: "You are venting on the innocent the spleen of your inefficiency because you can't catch the guilty." To this condemnation the answers of Sir Hamar Greenwood revealed all the incredible blind spots in the English character, that ineptitude which reduces to confusion the philosophic observer who inquires concerning the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon. "Greenwood replied that nothing was done in the way of reprisal except by order of a Brigadier General." Good God! Was not Benedict Arnold a Brigadier General in the British service when he ordered the massacre at Fort Griswold? Was not General Dyer a Brigadier General when he ordered the massacre of Amritsar? Sir Hamar further said: "If innocent persons suffered he would consider it a case for compensation out of exchequer funds," offering to repeat doubtless the magnanimous gesture of Mr. Asquith when he asked Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington how much she would take for the murder of her husband, a prisoner, by Captain Bowen-Colthurst. It remained for a Labor Member to pronounce the verdict according to evidence on His Majesty's Government: "You are all murderers, every one of you."

FOR some twenty-five or thirty years before the war, Belgium had been winning for herself a place as one of the countries to deal most intelligently and thoroughly with child welfare. The state had given subsidies to support both private and public municipal work for mothers and babies, it had made special provision for every child in the kingdom threatened by the desertion or neglect of parents, and had founded a system of special judges for delinquent children. But when Belgium was overwhelmed and occupied, organized life broke down. It was difficult enough to live at all, much less live decently, and month by month adult mortality increased in appalling proportions. Yet thanks to the heroic efforts of the National Welfare Society, a private organization, the mortality among children decreased. In the midst of the occupation, more preventive work for children was done in Belgium during the war than was ever done before. It is therefore particularly fitting that the second International Conference of Child Welfare is to be held at Brussels in July, under the auspices of the Belgian government. Americans should be deeply interested in a move to consider all the angles of child-welfare, a move, that, it is hoped, will result in an international office for the protection of childhood.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT will be on the editorial board of the New Republic until January 1st.

The Passing of Sectionalism

State lines have well-nigh ceased to have more than geographical significance. We have the test of disunion, the triumph of reunion and now the end of sectionalism. On the social side we have naturally fallen into groupings with community of interests, agricultural, industrial and incidentally social. These groupings have drawn us as a community still closer together. The great war effaced the last vestige of sectionalism and we stand today more firmly united than ever before.

AS a statement of prevailing tendencies the foregoing passage from one of President Harding's recent speeches in New York is, we believe, substantially correct. The United States is more firmly welded together both in organization and in the feelings and conduct of the mass of its people than ever before in its history; and the participation of this country in the Great War was enormously important both in consolidating the national organization and in fusing the national feeling. But admitting the substantial correctness of the description, how far is the tendency permanent and desirable? Sectionalism is closely associated with local self-government and with the vitality of the neighborhood social unit upon which the American democracy has always congratulated itself. If sectionalism is passing may not something of irrecoverable value be passing with it?

Sectionalism has no doubt frequently hampered the American people in realizing their desirable common purposes. Throughout the nineteenth century their dominant practical need was the consolidation of their economic and political activities. Their immediate danger was national irresponsibility and incoherence. Their more enlightened political leaders labored to enhance their sense of collective responsibility and to supply them with a better machinery of joint action. President Harding naturally approves of the success which has finally attended these efforts. He is the leader of the party which has usually favored the political and economic unification of the United States. But an economic and political movement which begins by being imperative and continues for long to be on the whole advantageous often ends by overreaching the limits of its desirability and by endangering the balance of social forces in the commonwealth. The French nation in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries allowed the process of

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national consolidation to proceed too far, and something similar is, we suggest, happening to this country. The unification is taking place more and more at the expense of American local vitality. Nationalization has degenerated into centralization. It is ceasing to provide an improved machinery for carrying out the collective purposes of the American people. They need to be aroused, not as formerly for the purpose of accelerating the work of nationalization, but for the purpose of checking it. They need to cherish a combination of federalism with provincialism which will save them from carrying centralization and specialization so far that they will endanger the foundation of an essentially territorial democracy.

American opinion does not realize as yet what the new forces which have prevailed during the past fifteen years have done to transform the political and economic scene. During the nineteenth century the loose territorial, economic and political tissue of the country hindered the more progressive purposes in American political and economic life from getting themselves expressed. The anti-progressive interests and groups such as the slave-holders, the "predatory" corporations and the like generally sheltered themselves behind states rights and sectional interests and prejudices. In 1850 it was essential to insist on the existence of a national responsibility for the fulfillment of such a genuinely national purpose as the abolition of property in human beings. Later it was no less necessary to insist on the vesting in the federal government of powers which enabled it to cope with aggressive, selfish and nation-wide business interests. An aggrandizement of government took place corresponding to the aggrandizement of business. The two processes still prevail, but they prevail by virtue of employing different methods, and their promoters do not advertise their work, as they did fifteen years ago, with brass bands and public festivals.

The business men of the country are still centralizing the organization and conduct of American industry and commerce. They do not consolidate small corporations into large trusts, but the small business units operate to an unprecedented extent under agreements and understandings which enable them to regulate competition, control prices, restrict output and present a united front both to labor and government. They are to an increasing extent producing under standardized conditions for a standardized market. A prodigious increase of government activity and enlargement of government functions has accompanied this business centralization but the temper of this greater government is different from what it was fifteen years ago. Its officials assume, as the Republican party did before the days of Roosevelt, that the chief function of government in relation to business is not only to regulate it but to protect it, to encourage it and to be extremely tolerant of its shortcomings.

The war is, of course, chiefly responsible for the last phase of this aggrandizement both of business and government. It enormously accelerated the process of national economic and political organization. The business men of the country became for the period of the war the licensed agents of the government in producing and distributing the supplies required for the victory of the American armies. The various producers of special classes of manufactures or commodities were encouraged to combine for the increase of production and the standardizing of the product, but they were at the same time subjected to drastic national control which was intended to turn them into genuine public servants. After the armistice the practice of combination persisted, while the national controls were hastily abandoned. Yet undeterred by the ensuing orgy of profiteering, American public opinion returned to the attitude about business which prevailed from 1870 to 1892. Whatever business did in the interest of large profits was presumptively right. President Harding was elected expressly as a spokesman of this idea and he recently reiterated his allegiance to it.

But the war brought about not only the aggrandizement and the reunion of business and government, but the increasing standardization of American opinions, habits and objects of popular consumption. The Liberty Loan campaigns were the effective agents of this transformation. They were the most successful example of coercive advertising in the interest of a national unity in the history of the world. They broke down the barriers to the standardization of ideas and wants to an extent that they have never been broken down before in this or any other country. The average American is good-natured, suggestible, and very much prefers to sail with the wind. The Liberty Loan campaigns took full advantage of his suggestibility in order to turn him temporarily into a man who danced only certain prescribed measures to the beat of a patriotic war drum. For the time being they exterminated as a variety of the Homo Americanus the man from Missouri—the local sceptic who wanted to know. They enormously increased the subsequent susceptibility of the American public to reiterated suggestion. All over the country the American middle class wore to an increasing extent the same clothes, consumed the same foods, giggled or wept at the same extremely moving pictures and repeated the same phrases. Their lives became

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the mirror of fashion, imposed upon them by the advertising columns of the Saturday Evening Post, by the captions, the heroes and the heroines of the screen and by the headlines of their daily papers.

When President Harding celebrated the passing of sectionalism he was by implication approving a process which is resulting in an over-stereotyped American man and an over-centralized American political and economic organization. He himself is not conscious of the implications of what he approved. He is a surviving representative of the pioneer tradition which was both intensely national and intensely provincial. Like all the spokesmen of that tradition he believes that everything which happens to the American people is good and should be treated as the fulfillment of their ideals. He attributes to the process of consolidation a value similar to that which it had when Douglas tried to shelter the institution of slavery behind American local self-government or when the corporations proposed to entrench themselves against federal attack by calling on the protection of the states. He is not aware that nationalization is degenerating into centralization and is now undermining the pioneer provincialism.

In his blindness to the revolution which is taking place in the balance of social forces in America, President Harding is representative of the class from which he springs. The great middle class of small property-owners which has always ruled this country has derived its strength from the very combination of provincialism and individualism with nationalism, the perpetuity of which is now threatened. If its members allow themselves to become too consciously classified, too inflexible in their ideas and too widely separated from the class of wage-earners or professional experts, it will endanger its own future as the political leader and spokesman of the American democracy. It will cease to give birth to and to educate the kind of people who are capable of criticizing its experience, understanding its failures and carrying out the indispensable reforms. It will cease to exhibit the moral self-control, the accessibility to ideas and the allegiance to unpalatable truth without which it cannot persist in its traditional leadership of a democratic commonwealth. To all appearance its power and leadership were never so undisputed and so indisputable as they are at this moment. But under the circumstances a great danger resides in the very completeness of this triumph. It may blind the popular leaders to the way in which the dominant political and economic movement is ignoring the landmarks of the American tradition.

If the middle class is to vindicate its existing leadership, it needs to become conscious of the distance which it has drifted from its anchorage, and to devise some means of reinvigorating its local centres of economic and political life. Instead of promoting national unity as it has done in the past by centralizing its organization and standardizing its activities, it will have to do so by resisting centralization and consciously cultivating its former essentially provincial, territorial and town-meeting economy and democracy. The national vitality depends upon a revival of the neighborhood as the autonomous unit of American economic and social life. It will have to become once more a reflection of the vitality of its parts rather than a compensation for local ineptitude.

The needed revival of neighborhood life cannot take place without substituting cooperation for the centralization of local industries and without providing a place in the local economic and social organization for the expert specialist whom American pioneer provincialism so profoundly distrusted. Yet on the whole the restoration of the sources of local vitality in America will depend chiefly upon the increasing concentration of the leaders of the middle class less on business and more upon social and intellectual activities. From the beginning commerce, banking and industry have acted as the chief centralizing, specializing and standardizing force in American life. It is unregulated and subsidized industrialism which has forced the growth of the cities too much at the expense of the country, which has brought big business into existence, which is justifying the organization of the wage-earning and agricultural workers on an equally large scale, which is creating a centralized, bureaucratic government to regulate and protect its offspring and which is slowly infusing a class organization and spirit into American society. If the American middle class is to reinvigorate the neighborhood as the source of national vitality, it will have to realize that the American people has allowed industry to become too important—that they must pay less attention to machinery and more to human purposes.

The American people have allowed this intense and unrestrained industrialism to dominate their conduct for one obvious and apparently sufficient reason. It seemed to produce an ever increasing fund of consumable goods, which they could use in satisfying their wants and consequently in fulfilling their lives. But the time has come when industrialism can no longer produce a steadily increasing fund of goods and when its development at the same rate as formerly means a cheapened and stereotyped American manhood. The American people must distinguish between the satisfaction of specific hu-

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man wants and the realization of human personality. Instead of cheapening human nature in the service of their economic machinery, they will have to subordinate the machinery to the service of human nature as a whole. As Mr. J. A. Hobson insists in his recent book on the Problems of a New World, the vitality of a territorial democracy such as ours depends upon a diminution in the relative importance of industry and property as a form of power in the human life of the future. If the unity of the neighborhood is again to prevail over that of the workshop as the groundwork of social cooperation, the artists, the teachers, the engineers, the scientific men and the churches must find a way, more effective than any which they now possess, of asserting the value of the non-industrial, free, expansive and imaginative side of life.

The Bullying of Ireland

WHEN Lloyd George planned a local parliament for the south of Ireland he announced that the anti-Sinn Fein forces would have from twenty per cent to thirty per cent of the members, which would enable him to set up some sort of representative Irish government. He has had a serious disappointment. Sinn Fein won ninety-seven per cent of the seats. The other three per cent went to Trinity College, which is admittedly England-in-Ireland. To assemble this three per cent and call it a representative body would, of course, be not less logical than to assemble twenty per cent and call it a representative body. But it would be even seven times less plausible. So the fiction that the will of the people supports the Lloyd George settlement has fallen through; and the British Cabinet is faced by a southern community that is ninety-seven per cent against it.

In the north things superficially look better for the British connection. A few Ulstermen stuck to the Solemn League and Covenant which over 400,000 had signed. But the vast majority voted for their Home Rule candidates—some of them several times over. The obvious drawback to the new experiment is the fact that Ulster must pay nearly £8,000,000 into the British Treasury within the year. No Ulster economist has yet been able to show how his section can meet this fixed charge for imperial services. The southern boycott, moreover, is strangling the Ulster distribution agencies. Hence the local parliament in the north sets out discouraged on its lonely career.

The truth is that Lloyd George's Home Rule was a gamble, and the trick has been lost. What has British statesmanship to suggest in its place? We quote a despatch to the Chicago Tribune which is explicit as to a new program, and we wish we could see a particle of moral difference between this maleficent program and the course pursued by Germany in Belgium, by the Franco-Polish forces in their most recent exploits, by our own forces in the bullying of Haiti. It is wrong to soften words in regard to such inhuman acts as are proposed. We find here precisely the same brutal egoism which infects and imperils every militarized government in the world.

The Chicago Tribune despatch of June 4th says:

> The Cabinet has now decided to give the civilians [the British establishment in Ireland] a month to carry out their policy, and, if they fail, then to give the military a free hand.
>
> Military plans include the doubling of the force at present in Ireland, districting the country, erecting blockhouses and making a sweep in every direction for members of the Irish Republican army, who will be interned in great camps which are now being prepared. It is estimated it will take two or three years to bring Ireland to peace and that it will require the internment of 100,000 men.
>
> It is also proposed to inaugurate a passport system from one district to another and to restrict ingress and egress to Ireland, making the movement of the rebels impossible and placing the whole country under martial law.

To talk of interning 100,000 men would have seemed insane two years ago. It is the inevitable outcome of the adopted British policy. At the present moment the south of Ireland is enemy territory in the eyes of the British government. Army aeroplanes are actually flying over the country, dropping anti-Sinn Fein propaganda after the approved fashion of 1918. Every day sees its ambush, its deportations, its forced labor under military guard, its military executions and its reprisals. Sinn Fein believes that the will of the people is firm. There is no sign that the doubling of the army of occupation will do anything except drive Sinn Fein underground. But the cost of this process is intolerable. It commits the British people to a program repugnant in its inspiration and its detail.

The only hope, as we look on this spectacle from outside, is the increase of those stresses in England which Lloyd George is trying to keep from breaking down his power. The reconquest of Ireland is not merely unhealthy. It is unnecessary. Even if Ireland turns away from Britain politically, it remains a neighbor that, given freedom, must be a friend. The number of Britons who have thought this out has multiplied many times as a direct result of the bullying process. That the process can be completed, as this program suggests, is utterly unlikely. Governments that take to the sword in this fashion must perish by the sword.

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By Stevenson Out of Lusk

THE Lusk Committee has labored and we have entered into the fruits of its labor—a report of four volumes containing 4,450 pages. The object of the report is stated in the first paragraph of the Introduction.

> In the report here presented the Committee seeks to give a clear unbiased statement and history of the purposes and objects, tactics and methods, of the various forces now at work in the United States, and particularly within the State of New York, which are seeking to undermine and destroy, not only the government under which we live, but also the very structure of American society; it also seeks to analyze the various constructive forces which are at work throughout the country counteracting these evil influences and to present the many industrial and social problems that these constructive forces must meet and are meeting.

In pursuance of this object the report is symmetrically divided into two parts—one on Subversive Movements, the other on Constructive Measures.

The Subversive Movements began with the publication of the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels in 1848. Accordingly the authors of the report deal exhaustively with Socialist and Labor Movements of Europe since that date, including a full account of the Soviet Republic of Russia. They follow this with an account of the Socialist Movement in America, the Anarchist Movement, Revolutionary Industrial Unionism, Socialist Propaganda in Educated Circles, Propaganda in general, and an appendix bringing the various chapters up to date. The two volumes on Constructive Measures display an equally comprehensive plan, and include a survey of every state in the Union. The report is therefore national in its scope, and presents a discussion which, if not entirely authoritative in regard to the conditions with which it deals, will certainly remain the classic record of the state of mind in which as a matter of history those conditions were reflected.

For despite their announced intention the authors of the report have not been able entirely to shake off the very natural and human bias with which they entered on their labors in March, 1919. It is clear that the Committee holds socialism as the force which is "seeking to undermine and destroy . . . the very structure of American society." "The very first general fact that must be driven home to Americans," say the authors in their General Introduction, "is that the pacifist movement in this country, the growth and connections of which are an important part of this report, is an *absolutely integral and fundamental part of International Socialism*" (Italics ours). Socialism, they declare, had three objects: "The first was to organize labor." "The second was the use of political action as a means and not as an end." (We had supposed that political action was always a means to something and not an end in itself except in Trollope's political novels.) "The third purpose was the creation of an International sentiment to supersede national patriotism and effort . . . It was not really peace that was the goal, but the abolition of the patriotic, warlike spirit of nationalities." (The identification of patriotism with war in the authors' minds is obvious.)

The space in the report given to the efforts for peace from the autumn of 1914 to the signing of the armistice, is perhaps due to the fact that Mr. Archibald E. Stevenson, who is announced as the chief author, by virtue of his previous employment in the Department of Military Intelligence, possessed considerable material on this subject which it seemed a pity to waste. However, this portion of the report furnishes the best evidence as to the method by which the Committee proceeded. The assumption that international peace was a matter purely of Socialist strategy and propaganda serves to unite as elements of the "subversive movement," the effort to bring peace to warring Europe which culminated in the Ford Peace Ship, the effort to prevent the entrance of the United States into the war, and the effort to set a term to hostilities by securing an announcement of war aims. Although the Committee in the introduction to this section professes that it "does not seek to question the motives of any person or question the patriotism of the persons named, but in all instances allows the documents to speak for themselves," the reader is constantly reminded of the major premise. For instance on page 1,031, after quoting the declared object of the Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace, "To coordinate and organize the democratic and peace loving forces of the country," Mr. Stevenson inquires "How were the sincere peace loving ones to know that by 'democratic' the Committee really meant Socialistic?" How indeed! On page 1,040 the first report of the above named Conference is quoted as as saying "They [the Conference] wanted to show that they stand solid behind the Russian democracy and are ready to work with *them until the autocracy of the entire world is overthrown.*" (Italics not ours.) The comment follows:

> In plain words the Socialists and their pacifist allies of this country, thoroughly in sympathy with the Socialist program of Russia, were preparing to join them in an effort to overthrow the so-called *autocracies* (*our own government included, as we shall presently see*) of the world (Italics ours).

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This is a thoroughly dishonest attempt to mislead the reader. The government of Russia with which the Conference expressed sympathy in May, 1917, was that of Kerensky, whose only tendency to overthrow our government was quite unintentionally to make it ridiculous through the diplomatic comedy of Ambassador Bakhmetieff: the government to which the sinister phrase "as we shall presently see" refers is, of course, Lenin's, which came into power six months later. The association between patriotism and war is a complex of Mr. Stevenson's, and to his soldierly mind the attempt to outlaw the atrocity is suspicious. Professor William I. Hull is cited among subversive influences (page 1,045) as delivering an address which

> under the cloak of international ideals, and international conciliation, was an attack not only upon the national ambitions of the Allies [God save the mark!] but upon any national ambitions or ideals whatever. Specifically Professor Hull urged that an International Commission be appointed, in order to avoid possible atrocities, to follow in the wake of all advancing armies.

Mr. Benjamin Glassberg is referred to on page 1,118 as a high school teacher discharged by the Board of Education "after being charged with supporting Bolshevism," and on page 1,415 as "dismissed for disloyalty." What Mr. Glassberg really was charged with was saying that the United States government suppressed discussion of Bolshevism, but the logic of the report fits any and every case. "That the accusation was accurate was shown by a subsequent open connection with the Rand School." (Page 1,118.)

Doubtless the chief appeal of the report to the reading public will be by reason of its personal references. It is a sort of combined Who's Who and Town Topics of—it is difficult to find a sufficiently inclusive term—whatever the Lusk Committee does not like. To borrow a phrase from a Western educator, it is "rich in the personal note." Mr. Stevenson has already amply demonstrated his journalistic sense for personalities, and to his keen scent this richness is probably due. At times he seems to force the note a trifle. For example, in the admirable index we find Professor Arthur O. Lovejoy labeled a pacifist—and it has already been shown what the term connotes to the Committee—but on pursuing the reference to the text we find that the only justification of the opprobrious epithet is the fact that Miss Shelly of the Conference for Democracy sent him "a form letter." In the case of Mr. Keppel, Assistant Secretary of War, embarrassment is avoided by dividing his personality and listing him as two persons, "Dean Keppel of the Carnegie Endowment" (for peace) and "Frederick Keppel of the War Department." One cannot help feeling that this phase of the report is rather overdone, to furnish evidence of Mr. Stevenson's activity in raiding such institutions as the Rand School and the Civil Liberties Bureau, and his industry in winnowing the correspondence files. The letters, beautifully reproduced in facsimile, frequently prove nothing except that they were written.

In spite of its minuteness there are serious omissions in the report. We do not believe that anything more subversive of our government and institutions took place during the period covered than the remarks of Rev. Charles A. Eaton commending the violence of workmen toward their fellows who showed less enthusiasm for the Liberty Loans than was thought fitting; than the words of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Carter Glass, excusing the mobbing of the offices of the New York Call because of the opinions of that paper; than the deliverances of Arthur Guy Empey inciting service men to violence; than the attack on Mr. Herbert S. Bigelow, on the I. W. W.'s at Tulsa, or the imprisonment without warrant of Salsedo by officers of the Department of Justice until he committed suicide. There is no mention of these things. The activities of the Lusk Committee itself have been classified as subversive. On June 21, 1919, the Committee raided the Rand School with a force of fifty men, ten from the State Constabulary and forty former members of the American Protective Society. The raid is chronicled in the report, but not its brilliant sequel. When on July 28th the case came to trial, Deputy Attorney-General Berger, who with Mr. Stevenson had conducted the raid, asked for postponement until autumn in order to amend the complaint. Mr. Untermyer for the defendant promptly consented

> to have anything added in the way of charges that the Attorney-General can stir up or invent, and we consent to go to trial this minute with those additional charges in the complaint.
>
> 'What I'd like to know is why isn't the case ready now?' asked Justice McAvoy. 'Tell me specifically what are these amendments that are necessary to your complaint.'
>
> 'We are not prepared at this moment. We prefer—'
>
> 'Of course, I know you prefer,' remarked the Justice.
>
> 'The defendant asks that this action be dismissed and that the order granting leave to begin these proceedings be vacated,' said Mr. Untermyer.
>
> Judge McAvoy dismissed the case, upon which the World remarked, 'It proves to have been a raid chiefly on ordinary rights of free speech, and is thus calculated to produce quite as much Bolshevism as it suppressed.'

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Another raid of which we find the record incomplete is that upon the office of the Soviet Bureau on June 12, 1919. In that raid the committee was assisted by Mr. R. N. Nathan, of the British Secret Service in America, who was allowed to take original copies and photostats of papers referring to proposed commercial dealings between Soviet Russia and American firms. Later Mr. Nathan turned up at Copenhagen in negotiations for trade between England and Russia. The name of Mr. Nathan does not appear in the scrupulous index of the report.

Another omission. Mr. Stevenson modestly records the attack upon himself by a paper called The Voice in the Wilderness. He does not refer to the more serious attack by Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, on the occasion of the publication of the list which first brought him into prominence. That attack was in effect a complete repudiation of Mr. Stevenson as a person, and of his system of witch-finding as a method. Mr. Baker wrote:

> As a matter of fact the War Department does not undertake to censor the opinions of the people of the United States . . . In the particular list accredited to Mr. Stevenson, there are names of people of great distinction, exalted purity of purpose, and lifelong devotion to the highest interests of America and mankind. Miss Jane Addams, for instance, lends dignity and greatness to any list in which her name appears.

In the present report Miss Addams' name appears in connection with "subversive movements" more frequently than any other except Nicolai Lenin's. In connection with "constructive measures," it appears not once.

Abuse of the Courts

THE signing of a new agreement by the New York Clothing Manufacturers' Association with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America should focus public attention upon the anomalous position in which our mediaeval laws place the courts when they are called upon to intervene in industrial disputes.

Six months ago, a militant group of clothing manufacturers, generalled by an aggressively ambitious attorney, set out to destroy the Amalgamated, whose cooperation the leading clothing manufacturers of the country had publicly appraised as the industry's greatest asset. Renouncing the impartial machinery of collective government, which enabled other clothing markets,—Chicago, Rochester, Baltimore,—to weather the industrial depression, they locked the doors of their factories, put shop problems out of their minds, and followed their bellicose lawyer into the courts. By a succession of injunction suits, they sought to terrorize some sixty thousand workers away from their allegiance to the union. Suits for damages aggregating more than a million and a half were brought. Finally they moved for the utter dissolution of the union, charging it with conspiracy in restraint of trade, with "sovietism," and all the bogies of the current open-shop, anti-union drive.

Now after six months of litigious divagation, the manufacturers discover that injunctions do not make pants. After a dull season, the demand for men's clothing has revived. The long and futile lockout has absorbed much of the swollen profits of the war and amnesty years. So the very manufacturers in whose names the dissolution suits were brought, turn away from their attorney, turn back to the union, plead for peace and the cooperation of the union in rehabilitating the industry which their war policy has tended to ruin, and sign a union-shop agreement with the Amalgamated while decision on their dissolution suit still pends in the courts.

This is the absurdity to which our antiquated laws expose the courts. They divorce the courts from the realities of modern industrial government and force them to rest their verdicts on legal precedents that root back to the grave of Edward I. In issuing an injunction against the union, Justice Erlanger cited as a guiding precedent the so-called cordwainers' case of 1809 (People of the State of New York against Melvin and others). The jury's verdict against the union in this case echoed the law as embodied in the statute of 1305, entitled Who Be Conspirators and Who Be Champertors (33 Edw. I. st. 2), under which, as late as 1818, certain English cotton-spinners were sentenced to prison. In pressing their injunction and dissolution suits, the belligerent manufacturers and their bellicose attorney leaned heavily upon the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Hitchman case, where the court enjoined the United Mine Workers for seeking members, even by so much as a word in explanation of the objects of their organization, among miners bound by individual contract against affiliation with any union. The decision in the Hitchman case, like the decision in the Duplex case, in which the secondary boycott was held unlawful, and the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in the Coronado case, in which damages in amount of $625,000 were found under the Sherman act against the national organization of the United Mine Workers for supporting a strike of a local union in Arkan-

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sas, all rest upon precedents and principles of law that antedate modern industrial organization. In all these cases, the courts are made the instruments for the destruction of the union which the present action of the New York Clothing Manufacturers shows to be essential to the stability and prosperity of modern industrial government.

This anomalous situation not only exposes the public to the evils of industrial chaos, but also exposes our courts to peculiarly undignified types of abuse. It was a characteristic of the suits brought by the manufacturers' lawyer that they were heralded in the press before they were argued in court. The manifest object of this practice was to stiffen the morale of the large number of manufacturers who, according to Dr. William Leiserson, Impartial Chairman of the industry's collective machinery of government before the lockout, were reluctant parties to the union smashing drive. Whenever one or more of these manufacturers showed signs of wavering, of returning to the union, as an overwhelming majority have now done, a fresh suit was sprung in the press. By such manoeuvres the war party and their attorney held their reluctant followers in line. It was in such a game of personal ambitions that the courts were brought into play and there was nothing in the statutes to protect them from such undignified uses. Where the courts found against the plaintiffs and in favor of the union it was invariably upon a technicality having no bearing either upon the essential principles of the law or upon industrial realities.

To berate the courts, as Mr. Gompers habitually does, or to advise the workers to defy their decisions, is no remedy. It is as harmful to the fruition of sound public policy with respect to industrial government as the unscrupulous use of legal technicalities to forward personal ambitions or the obfuscation of the public mind with disingenuous publicity and the procuring, under cover of public bewilderment, of new laws that reenforce the anomalies of the old. The fault lies not primarily with the courts, but with the lawmakers and the laws.

Sooner or later we shall have to take counsel of the experience of England who gave us our prevailing doctrines of industrial law and then herself abandoned them. By a series of acts of Parliament, England has safeguarded her industries and her courts from the types of abuse to which, as in the recent lockout, ours are still subject. During the last generation she went through the disastrous experiences which now plague us. Just as we have our Hitchman case, our Coronado case, our Amalgamated dissolution cases, she has had her cotton-spinners' case, her Taff Vale case, her Osborne case. Stimulated by the presence of a steadily increasing representation of the British Labor Party, Parliament, by the adoption of the Trade Disputes act (1906) and the Trade Union act (1913), has definitely established "the right of workmen to combine for any purpose not in itself unlawful. The strike, with its 'restraint of trade,' and its interference with profits and business; peaceful picketing even on an extensive scale; the persuasion of workmen to withdraw from employment even in breach of contract, and the other frequent incidents of an industrial dispute (e. g. boycott, blacklist) were specifically declared to be, not only not criminal, but actually lawful. The right of trade unions to undertake whatever political and other activities their members might desire was expressly conceded. Finally, a complete immunity of trade unions in their corporate capacity from being sued or made answerable in damages, for any act whatsoever, however great might be the damage thereby caused to other parties, was established by statute in the most absolute form." These immunities and privileges, which have been accorded employers' associations equally with labor unions, rest upon the conviction that collective bargaining is socially desirable and publicly advantageous. England has answered her open-shop drivers by adopting a public policy which recognizes the trade union as an essential part of modern industrial government and of the administrative machinery of the modern state.

Until through similar federal and state legislation we too harmonize the law with the realities of industrial life, our courts will continue to be subject to abuse and our industries to turmoil.

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Mechanics of Power in Soviet Russia

THE problem of power is the most perplexing one in the Russian situation. What is it that keeps the Communists in control? How is it possible that a party of 600,000, of whom only a fraction are active, can maintain a dictatorship over 125 millions under the most trying conditions? "Why do they not overthrow the Bolsheviki?"

The conditions are trying, indeed. There is hunger in Russia. Not hunger for bread and potatoes, perhaps, but hunger for the most ordinary necessities of life. There is no white bread in the cities of Russia, and very little meat or butter or sugar or fat. Milk and eggs are being given only to children, seldom to the sick. Throughout my six months' sojourn in the Russian provinces, I saw no chocolate, no oranges or lemons, no coffee, no real tea, no cake. No tramways are running in the cities of Russia, no lamps are burning in the streets, outside of Moscow. In the winter, water pipes are bursting, canalization and sewage systems collapse, misery and hideous sufferings are inflicted on millions. There is a scarcity of medicines and soap, and an abundance of disease. The peasants have enough to eat, yet rural Russia is clamoring for salt and kerosene and cotton fabrics and nails and plows and scythes.

There is no personal liberty in Russia. The peasant is forced to yield part of his crops to the state without receiving the equivalent in manufactured goods. The peasant is moreover obliged to do menial work of the crudest kind: cutting wood for the railways, carrying it to the stations, loading and unloading cars. The workingman is bound to his factory or mine; his remuneration is fixed by agencies of the state; he cannot move without permit from the labor organization which is controlled by the state; he cannot go on strike; his very participation in a labor union is a duty, not merely a right. True it is that the peasants pay no taxes and receive about two-thirds of the national output of industries free of charge; true it is that the workman is secured a "steady job" and as much food as can be obtained by the state; yet labor, in village and town, is under semi-military rule, and personal freedom is incompatible with martial law.

There is no political freedom in Russia. Not only the bourgeois parties who lost every foothold in the country are under the ban, but even outspoken Socialists, the Mensheviki and Socialists-Revolutionaries, their Left Wing not excluded, are deprived of the means for political campaigns. They have not been actually outlawed, but they may not issue newspapers or magazines or pamphlets. They are not silenced at general "non-partisan" meetings or conventions, yet they are forbidden to call open meetings of their own. They are hardly tolerated. Their headquarters are often raided; their very existence depends upon the mercy of the party in power.

There is the Tche-Ka in Russia (Tchrezvitchainaya Komissya—Extraordinary Commission to Fight Counter-Revolution and Profiteering). Its power is great. It searches houses. It raids market places. It arrests citizens often on mere suspicion. It maintains a list of political "unreliables" and it puts them behind bars in times of trouble. It keeps men and women for weeks in solitary confinement prior to presenting a charge. True, it is seldom mistaken; its victims are usually picked among profiteers and counter-revolutionary plotters, both considered criminal under the present system. Yet the very existence of a secret service under Communist rule is obnoxious. Exaggerated tales of its misdeeds are spread broadcast, and the ordinary citizen shakes his head in grave disapproval.

There is no equality in Soviet Russia. Food, the life-giver, denuded in Russia of its cultural embellishments, stands out in all its primeval importance. And this omnipotent factor is being handled not according to the canons of equality, but as an expedient in socio-political struggles. The worker in the essential industries receives more than the worker in the less essential; the member of the administration receives more than the ordinary man; the member of the Communist party is better provided than the Non-Communist, the friend better than the opponent. This may be imperative from the standpoint of state administration, yet the numerous privileges would hardly tend to decrease the bitterness of the ordinary citizen whose soul has been scarred and battered by numberless privations.

There is corruption in Russia. Aside from lack of efficiency due primarily to the change in the management both of the state affairs and the industrial system; aside from the lack of devotion and effort on the part of the many opponents who were forced to do work in one or the other branch of administration which they ridicule and despise; aside from general laxity and languidness as a re-

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sult of underfeeding and the backward conditions of the country, there is sometimes a lack of simple honesty among the Communists themselves. Officials can be bribed. Positions are used for personal advantage. The nation's property is sometimes abused. True, this is the exception, not the rule, and by no means alters the general character of the Communist party. True, moreover, that the Communist party punishes its objectionable members far more severely than it does outsiders. Yet the citizen is embittered. Communist mismanagement and Communist corruption are a source of irritation and incessant comment, or, as the Russian says, "the sparrows are chattering about them from the roofs."

Why, then, do the Russians not overthrow the Communist rule?

A number of explanations should be dismissed from the start as obviously false. "Terror" has been advanced as being the chief weapon of Communist control. True it is that the methods of the Soviet administration are implacably harsh. This will hardly surprise anybody familiar with the requirements of social discipline under stress of war. Yet the success of compulsory measures ultimately depends, everywhere, upon the loyalty of the army. It is apparent that the Communists are able to rule Russia only insofar as the Red army obeys their command. Why, then, does the Red army obey? There were some three millions of armed men in Russia by the end of 1920, with thousands of officers from the ranks at their head. By what miracle of shrewdness or meanness did a fraction like 600,000 manage to keep control over millions of armed sons of the masses? The popular reply is ready at hand: This is an army of mercenaries, abundantly fed and comfortably kept amid an ocean of destitution, so that they will remain faithful to their masters and keep the masses in subjection. In the light of my observations this appears absurd. I traveled throughout Russia from west to east and visited many of the Red barracks, both in the provinces and in Moscow. The bread rations I found never to exceed a pound and a half a day, meat was not on the ordinary menu, dinner consisted of soup and porridge, with a smaller and inferior quantity of the same food left over for supper. Of luxuries the Red army knew none, and good coats and boots were received only by those who went to the front—immediately before departure. There was nothing in the life of the barracks that would suggest an attempt at bribing the Red force. And the bulk of them were real, full-blooded Russians, no Chinese, and no Letts, and no Bashkirs, as was suggested by many a clever reporter. All those millions, certainly loathing the war, and still more loathing to suppress the revolts of their own brothers in the rural districts, in either case remained obedient to the orders of the ruling party. I have heard of no serious mutinies in the army. There were none to my knowledge.

Another explanation explains no more. The Russians are dumb, it was said; they are inarticulate and slavish by nature; whoever happens to brandish the whip will secure obedience at small cost. The present temper of the Russian masses is in plain contradiction to this characterization. Six years of war and four years of revolution have wrought deep changes in the minds of the people. They have learned many a social and political lesson. Everywhere they discuss the actions of their administration. They are deeply interested in the business of the nation. They are stirred. They are alert. Sometimes they are loudly clamoring. Certainly, those who saw—as I did last December—a peasants' conference of over 3,000 delegates flaunting in Lenin's face the over rigorous handling of the food problem will forever dismiss the idea of mute obedience on the part of the masses.

Power in Russia is based, not on passivity, but on a final acquiescence after a great deal of deliberation and even resistance. Political equilibrium in Russia does not resemble a dead weight, crushing every obstacle underneath. It rather resembles a sensitive scale constantly losing and constantly regaining its balance.

This equilibrium is entirely due to the program of the Russian revolution and to the character of the Communist party. The October revolution embodied a certain number of principles: nationalization of the land with equitable distribution among the agricultural population (whether on the basis of long term holding or otherwise is a secondary problem), nationalization of the means of industrial production, nationalization and socialization of real property in the cities,—and this program, whatever its necessary modifications, remains ingrained in the minds of the Russians even at present. It is this social program, and not the system of voting, whether universal or by soviets, that is considered the achievement of the revolution. It certainly is this program, and not the franchise (at present nearly universal) that even for the outside world marks the difference between Kerensky and Lenin. To the Russians, social revolution is no mere abstraction. They are in the midst of the greatest social change in the history of mankind. The Central Executive Committee of the Russian labor unions occupies the former conference hall of the Moscow nobility. Clubs of the Red army men have been established

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in the mansions of the former industrial barons. The largest and most modern apartment houses are occupied everywhere by families of workers. The factory knows no owner. The land knows no owner. Theatres, museums, concert halls, schools, universities have been thrown open to workingmen and peasants. Eighty-one per cent of the Executive Committees of the Soviets, the actual local administration, are former clerks, workingmen and peasants. The majority of the Communist party itself consists of Red army men, workers and—a few—peasants. The man of the masses, hampered in all possible ways prior to the revolution, actually feels himself in a new situation. He may at times scoff at the harangue of a Communist who declares that the workingmen and peasants are now "their own masters." He may perchance compare this tempting declaration with the necessity of working overtime in the essential industries or with compulsory peasant labor for the state. Yet, fundamentally, he is aware of a great change. He has come to the top. He is a new man. Everything is being done in his name and for his welfare. In principle he *is* the master. He enjoys the fruit of the revolution, no matter how irksome his everyday existence may be. He dreads to think of the recent past.

One has to live in Russia to realize this fundamental fact. Even in appearance the "lower classes" used to be distinguished from the intelligentsia and the men higher up. Now the difference has disappeared. Everybody wears the garb of the poor. College professors and bricklayers look alike. A factory hand in the rôle of a Commissár may be even better dressed than the former manager of the concern. This may not add to the happiness of the professor or the engineer, but it certainly thrills the man of the rank and file. Immediate want, anxiety, fatigue, rigid discipline and coercion may temporarily becloud his vision and make him forget the glory of his new state. Yet the consciousness is there. It is never erased. It affects his mind even against his will. He has risen to a new standing in society, he may in due course of time set an example to the world—and this he owes to the social revolution. This he knows well; it is too palpable to be overlooked.

Whoever fails to realize this enormous fact in the life of revolutionary Russia is apt to blunder in the most pitiful way. To him the Russians must seem a herd of terrified cattle driven by the club of a madman. The fact is, that only because the Communist party remained faithful to the principles of the October revolution, could it become the driving force in Soviet Russia. The revolution created a basis, the Communist party supplied the living spirit for the attempt at constructing a new society out of chaos. The masses followed because, immediate suffering notwithstanding, they consciously or subconsciously cherished the idea of this new order.

The Communist party grew in power because, out of the many factions of Socialists in Russia, it alone accepted the October revolution. When "All power to the Soviets" became a fait accompli the Socialists-Revolutionaries, the Mensheviki and all the other "friends of the masses" immediately withdrew. They were shocked. They were disgusted. They had not a vestige of faith in the rule of the Soviets. They strenuously opposed the October revolution, failing to recognize that it was not an uprising of the Bolsheviki, but a hurricane-like movement of the masses. The field was left to the Bolsheviki. They were the only organized group working with the Soviets, i. e., with the workingmen, soldiers and peasants, at that historic juncture. They naturally filled the most important offices. They occupied the strategic positions. They became indispensable in the management of the country. They acquired the experience of administration. In the course of time the inertia of power came to their assistance. There is inertia in political power when people grow to recognize a certain group as the natural leaders.

Inertia alone, however, is a poor support in turbulent times. The Communists could not manage to live on the merits of the past. Their main strength is in the present, always in the present. They are the only political party in Russia which has a program for every day, for every hour. They may err (as with management of industries by committees), they may underestimate a tendency (as with abolition of small trade), they may overreach themselves (as with last summer's march on Warsaw), yet they have always the courage and candor to acknowledge an error and take a new path. They are never afraid of their errors, and in the most crucial moments they are always ready with a new plan of action, a new series of measures, a clearly defined line which, in their opinion, must save the country and the revolution. They never forsook the principles of the revolution. At a time when some of the Mensheviki and Socialists-Revolutionaries were conspiring with the White generals in Russia and with the interventionists abroad, at a time when others, the Left Wing, were untiringly complaining and whining, secretly cherishing the utopia of a return to pre-October times, the Bolsheviki alone vigorously defended the main achievements of the revolution, never seriously deviating from them in the construction of their program. By this they gained immensely in the esteem of the masses.

The Communists are the only party of action.

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They do not rely upon an abstract program any longer, they always appeal to concrete action. Whether it is the organization of the Red army, the repair work in railroad shops, the raising of crops or the reconstruction of the Donetz coal mines; whether the task is to fight the Whites at the front, to fight the fuel famine by cutting wood, to fight epidemics by a campaign of cleanliness or to fight illiteracy by schools for adults,—they always demand work, strenuous, ardent, exhausting work. They set the example themselves. They do not theorize, they work. They say to the peasant, "Put your hand to this work or that, if you wish to increase the produce of your land; help us carry out this task or that, if you wish to get in due time manufactured goods in return for your crops." They say to the workman, "Here is work for you, make an effort to do it, if you wish to secure a fair living for yourself and freedom from bondage for your class." They say to the Red army man, "We hate war, just as you do, but war was forced on us, therefore we have to see it through, and therefore keep firm, fight to the last ditch." The driving force of the Communists lies in their always setting an example. Their methods may be harsh and their manners often high-handed, yet nobody would blame them for shifting the burden on to others; not even an enemy would assert that they shrink from work. In a country where inefficiency is habitual and administrative laziness was a byword, this must have a colossal influence with the masses.

The Communists never eulogize, never try to gloss over a distressing fact. I have the impression that they sometimes paint the picture too black in order to alarm and stir the people to greater efforts. What they always do is to put the facts before the masses squarely. They are not afraid of the facts. Even mismanagement and lack of efficiency is acknowledged by them in dealing with the people. They call it "the expenses of the revolution," caused by the transition of the means of production from one social class to another, yet they admit the fact. They are ready to take suggestions from the ranks. They call upon the governed to come and control. Workmen's and peasants' control groups have been organized everywhere, and the doors, and the books, and the machinery of each branch of the administration are open to them. The Communists have laid bare before the country the workings of the state mechanism, of the industrial mechanism, of the military mechanism. They urge everybody to see, to learn and improve. They can afford to be sincere. In their truthfulness is their strength. In a country where officialdom used to dwell in the clouds and the work of "government" was a sacred awe-inspiring mystery for the ordinary man, this plain, matter-of-fact frankness must be a relief.

"First persuasion, then coercion," said Lenin. Persuasion means educating citizens to an understanding of national affairs. This work of education is conducted on a stupendous scale. Groups of people who never had the remotest idea of state problems are now drawn close to the limelight of national life and made to realize their part in it and their responsibility for its progress. There is hardly a corner in Russia where the educational sweep is not awakening the most backward to new thought and new strivings. "Middle" peasants, poor peasants, Red army men, railroad men, peat diggers, mine operators, peasant women, everybody is made an object of propaganda, and propaganda in Russia is a means of making people think *in national terms*. An exceedingly strong impression was produced in me by a conference of housewives where the problem of food was discussed. The Provincial Commissár of supplies made a report on food conditions and then had to face a storm of indignant, angry and clamorous accusations. Facts were presented to him of inequality of distribution, of inefficiency, tardiness, apparent favoritism and lack of foresight in handling the food. The Commissár's answer was a two hours' lecture on national economy, including a survey of the external affairs of the state. Transport in its relation to food supplies, the difference between essential and non-essential industries, the geographic distribution of the crops, the position at the front, the figures of available grain, meat, fish, salt, sugar, wood, the necessity of national thrift,—all these passed in review before the amazed eyes of untutored working women. When they left the meeting hall they were not better dressed or better fed, yet they had acquired something precious; they had become participants in the broader life of the nation. This practice of calling conferences is widespread. Wherever dissatisfaction is brewing, a conference of representatives of that particular group is soon convened. A representative of the government, ordinarily a high official, gives a report. Questions of vital import for the state and for the individual group are earnestly discussed. The feeling of discontent is given vent. The causes of the complaints are carefully analyzed. The state is vigorously defended by a thorough and truthful presentation of its problems and of the difficulties it has to overcome. The discussion is free and unhampered. The result is not an increased well-being, perhaps, but certainly a number of men and women educated to citizenship in their new republic. Russia is a constant riot of conferences and conventions.

"Go and do it yourself" is not the least weapon

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in the Communists' arsenal. Their practice is to draw ever new groups and layers of people into participation in the management of national affairs. Lack of knowledge or experience is no obstacle with them: people may learn as they work. Youth is rather an asset; youth has no fear, it is not easily discouraged and it has that divine contempt for traditions which gives absolute freedom. The western observer would be astounded to find plain blacksmiths managing large industrial plants, to see youths of twenty-one in command of army divisions, to discover important administrative departments under the supervision of former peasants. As the crisis in Russia became more acute, as the front demanded the best trained and most reliable men, as the army absorbed ever larger numbers of productive workers, and as the resources in man power of the better quality were heavily drawn upon,—new men and women from the masses constantly rose to responsible positions. In the labor unions, in the Soviet organizations, in the Communist party, in the factories and mines, hosts of newcomers filled the gaps. In a short time many became experts in their respective realms, shouldering responsibility for the public weal. "To make every housewife a manager of the state" is no empty phrase with the rulers of revolutionary Russia.

Where persuasion fails, coercion is applied. Coercion is not the cause, but the expression of power. Coercion is more severe in Russia than elsewhere in the world because the government there is closest to the people. Whatever may be said about the voting system or the shrinking of the Soviets under stress of war (efforts are now being made to restore the Soviets to their former power), whatever may be the deviation of the Soviet regime under Communist rule from what is known as "democracy" in the western world, the Russian government knows no barriers between itself and the masses. In fact, it is a mass government. "Ochlocracy" it was contemptuously named by opponents. This is true in one respect; the ochlos is here inseparably woven with the government and its ruling party. It is this absence of a clear demarkation line between government and governed that makes the most stringent measures appear less noxious than they did under autocracy. Coercion here assumes the aspect of self-willed effort, obedience seems self-restraint. The services demanded and exacted by the Communists in Russia would be impossible elsewhere. They would seem monstrous even to the Russians shaken by revolutionary storms, if it were not for the fact that they are accepted, consciously and unconsciously, as a series of self-imposed restrictions. Denial of a free press (if not of free speech) to the opposition, arrests of suspected counter-revolutionaries and execution of active plotters may be horrifying to an outsider, yet they seem natural acts of self-protection on the part of a society bent on carrying through a most difficult historic task and desirous of warding off any disturbance that might diminish its strength.

The machinery of power which now exists in Russia cannot be understood unless we hold clearly before our eyes that all coercion takes place in a society where class privileges have been, in principle, abandoned; that coercion takes place not in the name and on behalf of a social group or class, but in the name of the masses themselves and for their ultimate good; that those who exercise power do not derive any benefit for themselves aside from the consciousness of power enjoyed by individuals *as administrators* (material advantages in the form of better salaries or a minimum of comfort are slight; private gain is a crime and heavily punished); that the rank and file are not only admitted but strongly urged to join in the work of administration and, consequently, to share the enjoyment of power; and that the final, the most irrefutable, the all-silencing argument, in war and peace, in town and village, amid hunger and fatigue is, "Will you suffer counter-revolution to be victorious? Are you ready to give up the fruits of the October overthrow?"

Above all, closest to the minds of the masses, is the consciousness of the fact that it is *their own country*. Unity between city and village may have been due to a peculiar historic combination of forces, which will not last; new cooperation between peasant and workman, on a plane higher than primitive self-defense, may require new efforts and new readjustments; the rights and immunities of the city population may assert themselves in the course of time and demand a revision of tactics; further concessions may be granted to knowledge, genius, or unusual achievements; the entire system may undergo modifications as it adapts itself to peaceful work and a program of reconstruction. Yet, what marks the new era, what has carried the revolution through in the midst of colossal trials, is the *new consciousness of the masses,* and their awareness of becoming the makers of their own destinies. Out of the darkness of ages, out of slavery and despair, they have risen to a spot where strong fires are blazing. Their heat may be scorching at times, yet the horror of darkness is compelling. Torn between hope and misery, between pride in the revolution and semi-starvation every day of the year, the Russian citizen harbors two souls within his breast—that of

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the revolution and that of the counter-revolution. When alone, left to individual feelings, confronted with mean realities of a miserable existence, he is morose, he is embittered, he blames the administration, he is even ready to disobey, to make obstacles, to revolt. When together with others, when a member of a social aggregation, a conference, a convention, a meeting, a unit of the army, his social feelings gain the upper hand, and the final decision is always in favor of the revolution. To keep this social sense alive is the main task of the Communist party, and because it has performed this social service it has become the most potent force in revolutionary Russia.

There is no stable order as yet in Russia, neither is the present tottering. There is an order where equilibrium is constantly recovered by the most strenuous efforts. The future cannot be guessed, but one thing is quite obvious,—there is no hope for the Restoration.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

The American Job

MAIN STREET is the oldest street in the world. It is the street of the future. Nothing happens except as Main Street helps. No movement moves until it carries Main Street along. Carol Kennicott tried seventeen different devices for winning Gopher Prairie. Every one of the stunts and imported novelties failed. Not one was related to the felt need of the little town. She was finally subdued by Main Street. Carol Kennicott is the American intellectual radical, who does not like Main Street, and so does not understand it. She is not an important person.

But her husband is. Social change begins in Gopher Prairie on the day when Dr. Kennicott feels good economics for his beloved town with as sharp a challenge as that which calls him to save the hurt foreigner by skilled surgery under a guttering lamp with explosive ether in the air.

The home folks of Main Street want a faith on which they can go forward. They know something is fundamentally wrong. They don't know what it is. They cannot get houses nor coal nor transportation at a reasonable price. They want an American statement of the causes of their distress. But nobody gives it to them. And to win them, there must be an ethical appeal with an emotional drive. There is a kindliness in American nature which wishes to do the decent and human thing, and wishes to be invited in its own speech, and not by imported dogmas. What will appeal, then, to Americans is a clear American statement of the maladjustment that frets them and a social program summoning their good will.

This clear statement has not been made. We have been too busy in many activities. We want to organize the American continent in one year. We push out crusades every little while—crusades with no central idea and no convinced group. The cure is to oppose mass fatalism with the little long-lived group, formed round one central idea, who aim before firing. Strong men like Gary and Schwab are making the American world in their own image. To balance their decisive activities, a group is needed which carries a different idea of human life from that of the profit makers.

Only one main idea is in sight with driving force and the power to capture the imagination of men. That idea concerns itself with changing the basis of civilization. It is the idea of production for use. Production for use is a seemly phrase, so sound that sections of the church have accepted it, so far-reaching that it will bring down the walls of Jericho. It is gentle and deadly. It says that the present order is ethically indefensible and economically unsound. It makes the community the instrument and arbiter of social change. It says that the consumer, the citizen, the "average man," is the person whose interests are the main concern.

But an idea like that does not descend from heaven and travel on its own momentum. It is hammered out by the faithful in close thinking. Thinking is the hardest work in the world. Men shrink from it as they do not shrink from pain or danger. This conscious mental effort demands something new and unheard of, in this country: a little group of persons busy at thinking, before they become busy in activities. Our need is to obtain a free circulation from the heart to the brain to the motor responses. The Circulation of the Idea will be an important discovery. It will show that an idea leaps out of emotional conviction and severe mental effort, and proceeds to a testing in action. When we learn this, we shall no longer let heaps of facts remain separated from a policy, and no longer let both the facts and the policy remain divorced from action. So far, we have had voluminous investigators, millennial doctrinaire program-makers, and busy executives. When these three meet, we shall have a kettle-brew worth tasting.

What have the liberals been doing in the last twenty-five years? They have been busy about

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many things. So they have left the labor movement untouched. The socialists have been so engaged that they haven't worked out a plan of ownership for the mines. The radicals have been too active to show the next steps in workers' control in factory committees.

We used to stand on the bridge at twilight and watch the water bugs. Water bugs are lanky, active creatures, skimming the surface, gliding at high speed and always going somewhere else. If you dropped a sliver of wood on the water, you could organize them at once. A minute later, the whole crowd grew fatigued of the novelty, and organized round something else. Water bugs are busy all the time.

"Please suggest a remedy," Charles E. Hughes once said to the writer, concerning a certain social evil. "There have been investigations enough."

This is the job: To think through on the data at hand, to interpret the heaps of facts that litter government offices and the files of research bureaus, to answer simple and searching questions, —questions as simple as this:—Can houses be built? Here are three such questions:

What are the facts in the case?

How does the principle of production for use and service apply?

How can we present this to win Main Street?

To ask the questions of a child, and to answer them without evasion: this is a fit task for pioneers.

This work will be done only by an act of the will. We shall give up the dozen competing committees to which we belong. We shall live more quietly. Success will lie in a little inner group in each community. The understanding group is the mother cell. There is a growing together of the group by taking thought with one another, by spending time together. A sense of conviction increases. This is a discipline, a way of the spirit, and the group wins its special grace slowly. The access of power to them is in the measure of the preparation. If the preparation is careful, then the process is that of great movements of the human spirit. Something that lay hidden in consciousness reveals itself with the shock of discovery. There is a gripping hold of that by the collective will, and the idea goes through utterly to its goal.

The need is not for a lot of members for such groups and never will be. The need is for a correct initiating group, a handful of convinced persons. They spread their influence by contagion like early Christians. The groups will begin informally. They will not worry about organization machinery. Each group will be centred in its locality. The nature of its being is that it is rooted in its own region, and is not a "national movement" nor a "drive." There will be no attempt to centralize control in New York or any other great city where a thousand surface activities would poison the quiet sources of this impulse. A loose federation of the local groups will be the only concentration needed.

Such a slow gathering of inner forces will in the end capture teachers for workers' education; engineers and technicians for the organization of industry; young poets, novelists and dramatists for the decoration of the idea; lawyers for the policy and legislation of the social change; social workers to turn reform toward the new order; undergraduates for shaping college spirit and serving the future; business men for the creation of a professional ethic toward the day's work; farmers for the control of distribution; and local labor leaders for a program that grows from grievances to a responsible share in industrial government. Such a grouping round such a central idea will bring new life to weary people, to the liberals without a sense of direction, to all who have spent themselves in service. It will give a release to the women who have won the suffrage fight, and are champing for some cause to which they can hitch their energy. Its appeal is profound for the religious community.

Out of group thinking will come the clear statements for which America will be a good-humored audience. The product must be eager and captivating. It must be dressed in a new form. One way is to break a path to attention by pamphleteering. There will be a pamphlet on Pamphleteering, telling how this small, well-rounded particle, this pebble, can be aimed at giant evils.

There will be a pamphlet on Coal, making the industry as readable as Shaler made the earth, or as Swedenborg made heaven, or as Dante made Hell. There are a dozen other popular problems from Unemployment to the Uses of a State Police.

Special groups need special pamphlets. The miners threw out their challenge on nationalization two years ago, and no group has picked it up and drawn them an outline, and shown what nationalization means to a miner, and what it can do for Main Street.

Outlines and forecasts, guesses at the future, telling what kind of world we want, are in order in a time of chaos. Judge Gary's words would be collected, and out of them would emerge the happy world of workers, as seen by a big business man. There would follow The Seven Varieties of Guild Socialism, Are the Fabians Dead or Victorious? and What do the Christians Propose?

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Another set of pamphlets will interpret the news; and the first would be The Tumble of the Triple Alliance, or why the militants can't boss the moderates.

Still others will be done as a contribution to the realm of scholarship with stiff research and thinking on the large issues of the coming days. A start can be made on Internationalism, because oil has been discovered in the Philippines. Have we any policy for colonies, subject peoples and rich pickings? The New York Tribune, May 15, 1921, in an article states:—

> There are good prospects for a heavy strike in oil (in Luzon). Should they materialize—the present world race for oil being such as it is—the practical probability of our withdrawal from the islands may be dismissed summarily.

And always there will be brief pamphlets, written in joy and without too much purpose, beginning with The Middle Class—a folksy pamphlet in Kansas or Indiana style, introducing us to ourselves.

Groups, forming round this central idea, and doing such work, are overdue by many years. The way out of Main Street is to find the way into Main Street.

ARTHUR GLEASON.

Debussy and His Legend

"THE cloud of glory playing round a classic is a mist as dangerous to the future of literature as it is intolerable for the purposes of history," said Charles d' Héricault in a passage made famous by Matthew Arnold. The mist of critical legend that gathers about an eminent genius long before he becomes a classic may be even more dangerous and intolerable; for instead of "transforming a human personage into a god seated immovable amidst his perfect work,"—which is, after all, a mere excess of generosity,—it often projects a mischievous distortion of shape and substance: an image exhibiting not the rough veracity of a caricature, but the falsifying perversion of a photograph that is out of focus.

Examples of this order of critical legend-building will occur to most observers of contemporary art; but, for some reason which is not easy to discern, such instances are especially conspicuous in the case of music and music-makers. There is (to cite at random) the legendary Wagner of a too facile and trustful criticism—for most criticism of music, alas, is complacent and unchallenging, a thing nourished on clichés and catchwords, easily diverted by intellectual placebos. The legendary Wagner is the "theatrical" Wagner whom traditional critics like to put sternly in his place. It is inexplicable that this wholly mythical figure should still obscure, for many, the true Wagner: the absorbed psychologist who wrought the long and exacting scene of Tristan's delirious outpourings—a scene so cruelly protracted, for all but the few who are willing to yield themselves to its exorbitant intensities, that the average opera-goer cannot listen to it without boredom and complaint. The legendary Wagner, a figment born of the notion that he really put his theories into practice and subordinated his music to his drama, persists in the face of manifold evidence proving that he was as avid of musical effect, achieved by whatever defiance of dramatic consistency, as any one of the unprincipled Italian opera-makers whom his doctrines condemned. He thought, of course, that he was fulfilling his intention of writing lyric-dramas which should be plays with contributive music, rather than librettos that were mere excuses for music; and the glorious irony of his case is that what he actually succeeded in producing, despite himself, were amorphous compounds which we tolerate today only because of their paramount and transfiguring music—hybrid structures in which the music is supreme, both in quality and effect, while the play is a rough frame-work for its splendors. Yet the legendary Wagner endures, so that we find even so generally clear-sighted a critic as James Huneker dismissing him lightheartedly as "a writer of footlight music." The essential Wagner—the dramatizing tone-poet, the superlative music-maker, the would-be reformer of the opera who was betrayed by his own imperious musical temperament—will survive the cumbrous, sprawling, misguided dramaturgy of the Wagnerian theatre; but he still contends against his legend.

There is, further, the Loeffler of critical tradition; a popular distortion recorded with fidelity and gusto by Paul Rosenfeld in his brilliantly perverse "portrait." * The fantastic creature that emerges from Mr. Rosenfeld's distinguished canvas is a delicately sophisticated transcription of the legendary Loeffler: a being that never was on sea or land; a sterile and exquisite euphuist, unoriginal and uncreative, exhibiting in his style an idiom derived from Wagner, Fauré, Dukas, d'Indy, Debussy; an accomplished artisan, dexterous and cold—"preeminently the précieux." How long it will take the veritable Loeffler—the subtly individual Loeffler of La Mort de Tintagiles and the four

* "Charles Martin Loeffler," in Musical Portraits.

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viola songs after Baudelaire and Verlaine, the full-veined rhapsodist of the Pagan Poem—to overtake and demolish his legend, is known only to the uncommunicative Parcæ. The general critical view of him, summarized with beguiling eloquence by Mr. Rosenfeld, is so dismayingly remote from the actuality known to those who are most sympathetically aware of Loeffler, that one is moved to resort for an explanation of the mystery to that dispirited conclusion of John Masefield's: "We are a world of animals swayed by rumor."

Again, there is the legendary César Franck, enthroned in the Seventh Heaven of musical art, a shining and god-like being evolved from the spiritual essences of Palestrina and Bach and Beethoven: a creature incredibly sublime, who wanders unhappily through Elysium overborne by the weight of his prodigious legend, dazed by the chorus that mounts upward to him from a worshipful, earth-bound multitude, hymning his "grandeur," his "glory," his "voice of mighty thunderings," praising "works that are not be described in words." Poor, gentle, devout, derivative Franck, master of a style noble and pure, but essentially transitional —what chance has the real Franck, so touching, earnest, sincere, to survive this apocalyptic magnification?

When we come to regard Debussy, we find ourselves confronted by a legend that is stoutly unyielding to what Mr. Shaw calls "resolute intellectual criticism." The Debussy legend is probably indestructible; but one may still examine it with what reverence it is possible to summon for the adventure.

Most of us are familiar with the legendary Debussy, the Debussy of conventional criticism and of popular acceptance. One of the characters in Mr. Wells's Joan and Peter reflects upon the "dependence of human beings upon statement. Man is the animal that states a case." So, necessarily, Debussy's case has been stated, and closed. He has been neatly pigeon-holed for the contemporary musical world, so that there is no excuse for our not knowing where to find him. He is in the compartment labelled "miniaturist; painter of cameos." He is to be found among the carvers of tonal cherry-stones. Mr. Huneker, in his last volume of essays, stated the prevailing view with his usual confidence: "Never does he carve from the big block; an exquisite miniaturist, he does not handle a bold brush . . . Of virility there is little trace; it is music of the distaff, and seldom sounds the masculine ring . . . A painter of cameos and aquarelles." Mr. Huneker complained of "this highly peptonized aural diet." He seems to have found it "not nourishing." Ernest Newman rings the changes on the epithet "anaemic." Even the excellent Rosenfeld, in the course of an uncommonly heedful study of Debussy, lays stress upon that in him which is "smooth," "level," "contained"; his devotion to a kind of speech that utters itself in "low, aristocratic tone, in grisaille . . ." achieving most often "a silvery grace." In discussing Debussy's sense of landscape, he is moved to dwell upon the idea of "daintiness," and, reminded by Debussy, this adjective pursues him—"the infinite daintiness of nature . . ." "dainty shells". . . An unhappy term for anything that is to be found within Debussy's imaginative world. And Mr. Rosenfeld plays with such allied words and phrases as "grace," "delicate language," "refined." Even that shrewd and cautious Frenchman, Louis Durey, paints Debussy for us as one who lingers rather sentimentally over moods that "intoxicate," that "caress."

And then there is Arthur Symons, whose passion for doing violence to the truth about certain kinds of music is so unquenchable that he reminds us of the lad in the fable, who became a butcher because he was so fond of animals. Mr. Symons loves to write about music, and often he writes very beautifully about it. But concerning a few specific composers he seems unable to avoid saying unforgivable things in the most persuasive way. His critical daring is impressive. Writing a few years ago in The Egoist, he was willing to declare that Debussy's music is "not a large or powerful creation," though he admitted in the same sentence that he arrived at this judgment "without having heard Pelléas et Mélisande"—which is as if one should assert that Rossetti, as a poet, lacked intensity of feeling, and should then add: "so far as one can judge without having read The House of Life." It is not likely that Mr. Symons would venture to sum up Rossetti's poetry without a knowledge of Rossetti's most important and representative production. Yet he did not hesitate to dispose of Debussy without knowing the one work in which Debussy's genius completely disclosed itself; for Debussy with Pelléas et Mélisande omitted from the reckoning is simply not Debussy at all. Unaware of Pelléas, Mr. Symons finds in Debussy's music only those traits that are perceived by the casual observer. He repeats the well-worn clichés of those who have written of Debussy without fulness of comprehension. Debussy, he says, is "small," "attenuated," "insubstantial"; he is "pale," "phantasmal," "Preraphaelitish"; his music is an art of "tiny throbbings," of "minute fairy sounds," of "elfin tinklings"; and of course Mr. Symons cannot close without employing that inevitable rubber-stamp of Debussyan criticism,

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"atmospheric," which is as necessary to any orthodox estimate of this composer as the word "intensive" is to the literature of Efficiency.

These views that I have displayed are typical; they reflect a widely prevalent opinion; they have already established Debussy's critical legend. I submit that this legend is false and misleading. It would be witless to deny, of course, that the aspect of Debussy which absorbs the attention of Mr. Symons and other hasty generalizers is an authentic phase of his genius. The painter of cameos and carver of cherry-stones, the magician of fairy sounds, the spinner of gossamer and golden webs—"a golden web of indolent acrostics" was one of the phrases, borrowed from Verlaine, which helped Mr. Symons's characterization—this side of Debussy is obvious and influential. Indisputably, too, he is often dim and wavering and elusive, shadowy and withdrawn, imponderable, evanescent, full of a wistful twilight loveliness, speaking to us through whispers and intimations, through music inexpressibly sensitive, half-lit, alembicated. But those who exhibit only these aspects of him "deal freely," as Mark Twain once said of Fenimore Cooper, "in important omissions." This is the lesser Debussy; a delicious dreamer and poet, an artist to be cherished, to be inexhaustibly enjoyed; but not the complete nor the essential nor the most treasurable Debussy.

As there is a "greater Chopin,"—victoriously fought for by Mr. Huneker,—so there is a greater Debussy, an artist who can reward us far more richly and permanently than the figure dear to the familiar tradition. This greater Debussy is the Debussy of Pelléas et Mélisande. That work is his unique disclosure, his perfect signature. Not to give it its proper weight in any attempt at a valuation of his art is reckless and stultifying.

If Mr. Symons had taken the trouble to drop in at the Opéra-Comique on a May evening in some spring before the war, or even if he had procured a copy of the score of Pelléas et Mélisande, he would probably have modified his jaunty comparison of Debussy with the solitary Merlin in his mysterious woods, "whom no Vivien has taught to be human, who can express neither love nor hate." It is one of the oddest freaks of contemporary judgment that the brooding and clairvoyant humanist of this incomparable work, the tragic poet, compassionate and grave, who wrote the death-scene of Mélisande, should have escaped recognition by those who, observing Debussy, saw only the delicate magician, or the riant gipsy, or the precipitator of "atmosphere"—or, at best, the glamorous nature-poet. It is disheartening to reflect that though Pelléas et Mélisande has been known here and abroad for years, Debussy still connotes, for the majority of critics and musicians, the lovely impressionism of L'Après-midi d'un Faune, the Nocturnes, and the piano pieces, rather than the wonderful music which has deepened Maeterlinck's play into a thing of measureless profundity and beauty; which shows us the tortured souls of Mélisande and Pelléas and Golaud and Yniold, the wise benignity of Arkel; which plumbs the sources of pity and terror in the tremendous crises of the fourth act; which summons for us, not "that famous 'real life'" (as Maeterlinck contemptuously called it) so engrossing to the Puccinis and Charpentiers of the operatic marketplace, but "that other life which lies at the bottom of men's hearts and in the unknown mysteries of this world"; which can set Arkel's "Mais la tristesse, Golaud, la tristesse de tout ce que l'on voit," and by a single dissonance make us suddenly aware of "the great stream of human tears falling always through the shadows of the world."

Will the true Debussy, who was at once lyrist and impressionist, dreamer and tragedian, sprite and seer, Ariel and Prospero, prevail over his legend? If so, we shall doubtless have to depend for that triumph upon what Mr. Lincoln called "the silent artillery of time."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

Difference

My mind's a map. A mad sea-captain drew it,
Under a flowing moon, until he knew it.
Winds with brass trumpets, puffy-cheeked as jugs,
And states bright-patterned like Arabian rugs.
"Here there be tygers," "Here we buried Jim,"
Here is the strait where eyeless fishes swim
About their sunken idol, drowned so cold
He weeps away his eyes in salt and gold;
A country like the blind side of the moon,
A cider-apple country, harsh and boon,
A country savage as a chestnut-rind,
A land of hungry sorcerers.
Your mind?—
Your mind is water through an April night,
A cherry-branch, plume-feathery with its white,
A clear silk dress as fragrant as your words,
A room where Peace and Honor talk like birds,
Sewing bright coins upon the tragic cloth
Of heavy Fate; and Mockery, like a moth,
Flutters and beats about those lovely things,
You are the soul enchanted with its wings,
The single voice that raises up the dead
With a young bluebird music!
I have said.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

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Economic Pasturage

THE discomforts which attend the exclusive possession of wealth have been a subject for economic moralists since the days of King Midas and the brothers Fafnir and Fasolt. Whether in the progressive form of a golden touch or the accumulated form of a golden hoard, riches which are outside of the economic currents of the world are a sheer burden upon the possessor. The United States is by way of becoming the King Midas of nations, the exclusive possessor of the transmuting process; and with the gold of the world flowing into our coffers we may be its Fafnir, lying and possessing until such time as a financial Siegfried shall slay us with the magic sword of demonetization.

President Harding's proposal to convert the debts of the Allies to the United States from passive and potential into kinetic wealth, if carried out by a general distribution of the bonds of foreign countries among "all the people," will bring this danger measurably nearer. It will draw at least a half billion annually in interest to this country, to say nothing of payments on the principal. Such an excess of imports over exports will call for all the resolution of protectors of American industry. There is, however, a way in which the plan can be carried out without the economic and social drawbacks which, as was pointed out in the New Republic last week, are liable to attend it. It is true that the debt of a foreign country can be collected only in goods, but this does not mean necessarily excess of imports into the creditor country for consumption there. In place of this process the creditor country might export its most extravagant consumers of wealth to its debtors. To put it concretely, suppose certain large holders of Victory bonds are willing to turn in these obligations in exchange for the bonds of the foreign debtor countries, the interest and principal of which should be payable only in the currency of the countries issuing them. The holders would then export themselves to their appointed fields of sacrifice and endeavor, and eat out the bill as rapidly as their spending character permitted. It may be objected that it would not be easy to find such patriotic consumers. A sufficient answer is that many have found themselves, and are already patiently suffering expatriation and practising consumption, informally and without organization. Once the extinction of the debt is recognized as a public service rendered necessary by the war, it would be appropriate to enlist its extinguishers in a corps with appropriate designation and uniform, and to reward unusual capacity or special feats of ingenuity or daring by distinctions of rank or decorations. This Service of the Foreign Debt would assuredly be equal in dignity, interest, and usefulness to many of the activities which have called our citizens beyond the seas during the last years of the war and the first of the peace.

Coming to the political and social merits of the plan it may be pointed out that at home we should relieve our economic situation of the burden of many exponents of conspicuous waste, and set civilization free, especially in literature, art and journalism, to function more disinterestedly and democratically. Abroad, instead of a tension which threatens good feeling among allies, we should have an increasing development of understanding and goodwill. Our spenders would be people of excellent manners and real sympathy with the lands of their exile. "What's good enough for the Allies is good enough for us" would be the slogan of this new foreign legion. They would be so many shock absorbers in respect to the little causes of irritation that arise even among friends. More than this, the plan would make the association between the German indemnity and the Allied debts not only safe but desirable. It would facilitate the reception of German reparation bonds in place of the obligations of the Allies in this country, and through the export of leading German-American spenders to Germany and Austria it would make directly for reconciliation and goodwill between the only countries which still remain at war.

It will be further objected that the plan belongs in the field of parochial rather than political economy. It is true, we regretfully admit, that anyone will recognize it as a proceeding current in the small-town hotel or boarding house where the chief creditor of the establishment, the butcher or grocer, frequently has a representative moving quietly and unostentatiously among the guests but fulfilling a useful economic function of eating out a bill or at least of gnawing it into practicable dimensions. This humble parallel, we are confident, will not discourage President Harding. The most profound economic principles may often be seen at work in the simplest human relations. The present principle may be entitled economic pasturage, and will doubtless be found governed in its operation by appropriate and sufficiently recondite economic laws. For the recruiting of spenders to put the plan into practice on a large scale of operation we suggest the division of the service into two battalions, one for Allied and one for enemy countries. As commander of the former we have it in mind to nominate Mr. James A. Stillman, and for the latter Mr. Grover Cleveland Bergdoll.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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The French Betrayal in Upper Silesia

THE passive connivance if not complicity of the French in the insurrection in Upper Silesia has done more to discredit the Allies before world opinion as an association supposed to be applying the laws of eternal Justice than any act since the Treaty of Versailles. It takes away much of what moral force there was behind the Treaty, and threatens to put the Allies upon very much the same level as the institutions which they avowedly took up the sword to crush in Central Europe.

I have been in Upper Silesia before and since the plebiscite, and came in contact with all parties during the uprising. No Frenchman had a valid excuse to offer me for this breach of international trust. A French general took the presidency of a supposedly neutral commission to govern the application of a plebiscite between two contending peoples. French troops formed the bulk of the forces detailed for this policing. In assuming this obligation voluntarily, the French officials and soldiers for the time being became agents of the Council of Ambassadors and of the Supreme Council. They were—at least to all open understanding—not there as the troops of Marshal Foch sent to apply the time-honored principles of "to the victor the spoils." Unlike the army in the Rhineland they were not there to cripple Germany's military strength and to exact reparations. In Upper Silesia the mission of the inter-Allied army was simply that of a police force intended to give protection to each of two contending peoples against the violence of the other.

That the individual Frenchman feels a lasting bitterness and hatred against the German people is to be regretted, but it is perhaps human. That a French soldier uses his weapons to cripple his enemy, is the lesson he has been taught during the last decade. But that a French officer should direct the power he received in trust for neutral purposes to satisfy a private national grudge, is a blow to international confidence in French traditional justice for which no petty military gains from a weakened Germany and a stronger Poland can compensate.

From the first day of the occupation, the French soldier in Upper Silesia has been exactly what he was when fighting on the Marne, and when keeping guard on the Rhine. No German felt that he could hope for the slightest protection from the French commission in Oppeln or from individual French soldiers. The French were vigorous in suppressing German military conspiracies. They shipped out a large number of Orgesch leaders, and ex-German officers, and arrested many others. But they let four hundred Polish officers, on leave from the Polish army, come in and strengthen the secret Sokols sympathizing with Poland. They unearthed large numbers of German rifles and guns, and rightly confiscated and destroyed them. But Allied officers of other nations tell me that they could but rarely induce the French to cooperate with them in searching Polish bureaus for arms. It was well known that the French closed their eyes to any amount of gun-running from Poland. I know of many instances where the French were very tolerant of all forms of Polish propaganda while putting the screws on German agitators.

The French had control of the secret service in Upper Silesia and had every opportunity of knowing the situation. I am assured by the German who informed them that they were given explicit information about the insurrection conspiracy, including the name of the leader, fully a month ahead. None of this, however, was allowed to reach the ears of the British commission, I am told, and the French did nothing as members of this neutral police force to prevent the outbreak, or to warn their colleagues to take precautions in time for their own safety.

That the French sympathize with the separatist movement in Upper Silesia can be easily understood. The Polaks have much to complain of in their treatment by the Prussian administration. But as members of the Inter-Allied Commission the French were under the same obligations to suppress Polish intrigue on Upper Silesian soil as to suppress German.

Then came the uprising. The French in Oppeln told me that they too were surprised. Probably they were as to the exact moment. Korfanty himself is supposed to have wanted the revolt to come later. But it is significant that at this time they were reducing their frontier patrols, and but a few days before had decreased their total number of troops. True, the French induced the insurgents to leave certain of the larger cities. But in many places the French garrisons either ignored the presence of the armed Polaks altogether or else openly fraternized with them. During the uprising there were one or two conflicts between French and insurgents and a few casualties. But officers on both sides explained to me that these were regrettable incidents due to mistaken identity. I do not know exactly who they took each other to be.

The French themselves admit that, had they taken energetic means a few weeks before, they could have prevented the uprising. It might not

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have been necessary to bring in more troops. Energetic representations to the Polish government might have sufficed. But once the conflict opened, the French were right in asserting that with their small force they could no longer suppress it, and possibly this is no longer the time to do so.

None the less the Inter-Allied Commission declared to me that they were sending more troops to the troubled centres—an untruth—and were optimistic about a rapid return to the old state of affairs. But these few days were sufficient for the insurgents to fasten their control upon the entire region, and during this time the French, who had three times as large garrisons as the Italians, suffered practically no casualties while the latter had at least two hundred.

I talked with General Lerond at this time. He was obviously embarrassed by the conflicting interests he had to represent. He was, I am convinced, sincerely anxious for a return of order. But he left me in no doubt about his opinion that the insurrection had had results which the Allies should now recognize as accomplished fact. I agreed with the General that there was no other reasonable alternative. But the moment that this principle was admitted, I failed to see how the Inter-Allied Plebiscite Commission over which the General presided could pretend to exercise further authority, or to expect either the confidence of the Germans, or the respect of the insurgents.

While the British and Italian missions scattered over Upper Silesia are packing their bags preparatory to making as graceful an exit as they can, the Inter-Allied Commission,—that is to say General Lerond—for I am informed that the British representative suffers from a sudden diplomatic illness—continues to reassure the world that all goes well and seeks to save as much of its discredited face as possible.

Whatever the Allies decided, the Polaks of Upper Silesia would probably sooner or later have made an uprising. They are hostile to the Germans, but they are only a little less so toward the Allies "who presume to barter them about like cattle along with their coal." It would have been a more honorable chapter in the history of the readjustment or the destruction of Europe, however, if the parties involved had disclosed their real positions from the start. These would have been much as follows:

Chorus of all Powers: Upper Silesia has coal and iron mines.

Germans: These we must keep because we need them in our business.

Poles with silent French partners: These we must get as the fruits of victory and to bolster up our own finances.

Small voice of Polak inhabitants, unheard until now, but now grown large: We want to keep all the advantages we have gotten from Germany while at the same time following our heart and political interests by joining Poland. If we don't get what we want from the Powers we propose to strike out for ourselves!

With this as a point of departure the British and Italians would undoubtedly have declared themselves but very indirectly interested, and probably would never have gone into the plebiscite venture. The German people would have discarded the last of their few remaining illusions about disinterested altruism from the Allies, and would have become accustomed much earlier to the reality of having risked and lost all on the wheel of war.

SANFORD GRIFFITH.

Where She is Now

Where she is now, I cannot say—
The world has many a place of light:
Perhaps the Sun's eyelashes dance
On hers, to give them both delight;
Or does she sit in some green shade,
And then the air, that lies above,
Can with a hundred pale blue eyes
Look through the leaves and find my love?

Perhaps she dreams of life with me,
Her cheek upon her fingertips:
O that I could leap forward now,
Behind her back, and with my lips
Break through those curls above her nape,
That hover close and lightly there—
To prove if they are substance, or
But shadows of her lovely hair.

W. H. DAVIES.

Child Dancers

Unchecked and innocent, you dance
As though the world had faith in you,
As though no time or circumstance
Could keep that joy from laughing through.

Leaping in light, how should you know
What harsher rhythms, darker strains
Will clog your steps wherever you go
And drag your shining feet in chains.

On every side the world will press
Patterns of custom and control;
Weighing you down with its distress,
Drawing the dancing from your soul.

Oh what shall save you from the weight
Of dull acceptance, cheap renown . . .
Lift up your joy against this hate.
Dance it down—dance it down!

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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A COMMUNICATION

General Wood at Pennsylvania—A Dangerous Precedent

SIR: Your comment in your issue of May 4th on General Wood's election to the headship of the University of Pennsylvania seems to me to miss—unwontedly—the principal point, and that point is too serious to let pass.

In my opinion the selection of General Wood is not, as you somewhat satirically maintain, a good thing—from any point of view. It is likely to be disastrous to the University of Pennsylvania and it establishes a precedent of danger to higher education throughout the country.

As every one knows, the government of American universities is regularly vested in a board of trustees—"eminent citizens," which under the existing economic regime means, of course, generally speaking, successful business men. This board has legally all power. But in practice the board usually confines its real activities to the supervision of investments—for which it is well qualified—and the selection of a president, who becomes its authoritative adviser in all educational matters, including appointments, assignments of money for books, equipment, and every kind of assistance in teaching and research, the organization of new departments and schools, the revision of admission and graduation requirements, and the like. You will surely not maintain seriously that this function calls for "administrative ability" merely, or that the customary demand for "broad educational vision" in the presidential chair is really "nonsense."

The board normally approves, substantially pro forma, the president's recommendations on all such points as I have mentioned, which though in a sense administrative nevertheless determine absolutely the educational policy of the institution. As an officer of such a board I have repeatedly seen a detailed budget totaling three million dollars and providing for all the appointments and other assignments of funds for a year, passed after less than an hour's discussion, *as recommended by the president*—without the change of a single item.

I am far from contending that this is an ideal system. It makes the president essentially (though not legally) a monarch, and many of us have prejudices against monarchy. I have much sympathy with those members of the Association of University Professors who claim that the professors themselves should govern the university, and in spite of obvious difficulties I am not convinced that such self-government is more impracticable than any other application of democracy. But that is another story entirely. We are concerned at present with the status quo.

Given monarchy, everything depends on the monarch. It is of the utmost importance that he should know his subjects—their problems, needs, ideals, even their shibboleths and prejudices. He should be as nearly as possible one of them, if he is to serve them—or, if you like, rule them—sympathetically, wisely, usefully. This condition for the amelioration of monarchy is satisfied at present in nearly all the American universities, in which the president is an ex-teacher. Though now robed in purple, he knows the hoi polloi of common professors through having actually been one of them—usually for the major part of a long life. He has himself run the whole gamut of academic statuses: undergraduate student, graduate student, assistant, instructor, professor, head of a department, dean. Such a president knows from his own experience the problems, material and spiritual, of all the estates of his realm. He is such an emperor as one might be who had risen from peasanthood through the ranks of the bourgeoisie to the throne—an ideally qualified emperor. He is the representative, not in a constitutional sense unfortunately, but actually nevertheless, of the republic of letters, arts, and sciences before the trustees and the financial and political system of the country for which the trustees stand.

In practice the president acts as a buffer between the outside world, with its financial standards, its materialism, its chicanery, its impatience for immediate "practical" results, its intolerance of ideas and of every kind of heterodoxy, and the academic world.

Idealists and liberals may lament that American universities are not themselves free from materialism and self-seeking and compromise and intolerance; especially that the too unconventional or "bolshevistic" professor is likely to be allowed to "seek his advancement elsewhere"—if nothing worse happens to him. They have cause for their grief. But we must consider not only what is ideally desirable, but also what is practically, humanly possible under the existing conditions of society at large. There is a silver side to the shield, which is that as compared with the major part of American society the universities are little protected oases of unworldliness, high-minded idealism, devotion to truth for its own sake, and freedom of opinion and speech. And this is so, largely because a group of great university presidents, ex-professors, have on the whole stood firm against the misunderstanding of these things and hostility towards them of boards of trustees, donors, legislators, churches, local communities—the whole contemporary world. With a courage and skill that only one who knows the secret battles can sufficiently admire, by protest, procrastination, and at times by open defiance with their backs against the wall, these presidents have for the most part beaten back the barbarians and maintained intact the privileges of the order for which they stood.

And why did they thus stand for that order? Obviously because they were from it and of it and knew its values and necessities as no outsider could possibly know them.

True, it is a pity, as you point out, that these able men are lost to teaching and research. But as things stand at present the sacrifice is necessary.

It is true, also, as Professor Veblen has noted, that even these professorial presidents are inevitably selected on the basis of their having considerable sympathy with the non-academic standards which the trustees represent; and further that in the course of their administration they tend to lose somewhat the professorial point of view and to as-

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similate that of the business men among whom their new activities lead them—so that the purely professorial mind may come to identify them with the enemy.

But at their worst compare them with such a man as General Wood! I have no desire to cast any slur on that distinguished officer of the American army. But an army officer! In the groves of Academe! He will be in as deplorable a situation as the Teutonic princes whom the European Powers forced upon Greece. All his training, ideals, habits of thought and action are wrong for the job. He and his new subordinates—for to him "his"professors will inevitably be subordinates in a way no professors have ever been to the most dictatorial president of the other type—do not even speak the same language. They cannot possibly communicate. How can he fail to make a hash of it? To trample blindly, if not angrily, on the values it is the prime business of a university president to protect? To administer with military exactitude affairs which can prosper only if let alone—the awakening of adolescent minds and free inquiry into the secrets of nature and human nature and human society?

It may be said that General Wood is intended to be a figurehead only—as Earl Curzon of Kedleston is "chancellor" of the University of Oxford. But in the first place that is a kind of ceremonial nonsense that the most devoted lover of things British may be sorry to see imitated in this country. And in the second place one may doubt General Wood's capacity for keeping hands off in the way the members of the British aristocracy have learned to do in such matters. In either case the university officers proper—the vice-chancellor or provost, or whatever the real equivalent of the president in our other universities may be called, and the deans and the professors—will all be essentially demoted—in a literal sense de-graded—in the eyes of the world at large, just when presidents and professors alike were beginning to win some respect, by their forced comparison with the General's extraneous and irrelevant prestige.

Now that the universities are becoming places of note and their presidencies mildly conspicuous it is natural that our naive society should attempt to force its "great men" into them. A while ago ex-President Roosevelt was talked of for Minnesota. Ex-President Taft has been mentioned for Yale. Now at Pennsylvania the thing has been done. It will be tried, and very probably done, elsewhere. But it is a tendency that every liberal, every lover of learning and scholarship, should deplore and resist.

The whole system that centres in the American university presidency may be wrong, and some of the presidents of the prevailing type may be pretty bad. There are, in fact, one or two of notorious prominence whose actions and utterances periodically drive liberals to frenzy. But let us not forget that the ex-professorial president is usually, from the circumstances of his origin and training, in some degree a lover of learning and of the freedom of learning, and that most of them have—in an anomalous position and with some inevitable lapses and compromises—waged and on the whole won a great defensive war on behalf of the things which the mind and spirit hold precious.

As long as we have the university presidency in anything like its present form the office should be filled as it has been in the past from the ranks of the academic profession—not utilized as a combination pension and medal of honor for retiring generals, politicians, or financiers.

MAX MCCONN.

Urbana, Illinois.

The Bandwagon

GOD PUNCHES THE TIME-CLOCK

Extract from A Southern Cotton Mill Company Sets a Good Example, from the Manufacturers Record of April 28th, 1921.

Believing that business should be a part of a man's religious life, and that his religion should guide his dealings with his fellow-man, the Clayton Cotton Mill Co., of which Mr. Charles W. Hearne is president, at its last annual meeting invited the Reverend C. A. Jenkins to open the meeting with prayer. The Charlotte Observer report Mr. Jenkins's prayer to have been as follows:

"Our Heavenly Father, these men have gathered here to transact their temporal affairs, in which Thou art ever concerned, for Thou thyself hast ordained industrial pursuits. In the beginning Thou didst charge the first man to till the ground. On Sinai Thou didst command men to work six days in the week. The wise man, moved by inspiration, said, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Thy beloved Son taught us to trade and get gain with our pounds and talents, and to use the banks when we cannot stand alone. He was Himself a carpenter, a man of the shops, producing plows and yokes to make the fields white unto harvest. Our Lord also taught us that in Thy gracious Providence business will continue to the end, and when it comes, two shall be grinding at the mill.

"Thus, it is Thy will for the world's welfare to circle around mills, factories, shops and plows. When business languishes, mankind suffers, children starve and famine and pestilence follow. We pray Thee, then, that the dark cloud which rests on industry may pass away, and that a brighter day may dawn, whose sunshine may gladden the hearts of men, for prosperity in the mill seems to be Thy way to provide not a few of Thy creatures with medicine, food, raiment and shelter.

"We pray Thy rich blessing on the president and other officers of the plant, the directors and stockholders. Grant them Divine guidance and wisdom so to perform their duties as to secure the largest rewards. We would especially invoke Thy grace upon all employees. We bless Thee for the kindly feelings and fair dealings existing between the plant and its employees, thus preventing discontent, strike and riot. May this happy state be unbroken in the future as in the past.

"Now, be pleased, O Lord, to accept our gratitude for the many signal successes of the years gone by, which have made the mill a benefactor to the community and a power for helping the whole country to bear the burdens of humanity.

"Forgive our sins, correct our mistakes, forget our failures and help us to develop our best energies to advancing the cause of our Master. In Jesus' name. Amen."

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Responsibility for the War

SIR: May I be permitted to call the attention of your readers to a remarkable volume that appeared last year in Germany, a few copies of which have recently come to America—F. W. Foerster's Mein Kampf gegen das militaristische und nationalistische Deutschland, the significant sub-title being "Gesichtspunkte zur deutschen Selbsterkenntniss und zum Aufbau eines neuen Deutschlands"? * The author is the son of a former Rector of the University of Berlin and has been himself professor at Zurich, Vienna and Munich. His attitude to the late war is that of a confessor of German guilt. He offers the extraordinary spectacle of a man witnessing against his own country, whose feeling for truth and right overtop his "patriotism" (in the now usual sense of that term). The book has a spiritual atmosphere that is unlike anything I know of elsewhere in books dealing with the war. He loves Germany and writes from love—and just for this reason his words acquire a weight that ordinary attacks on Germany lack. Few things are more moving in political literature than the author's appeal to a better mind in his people, his confidence that it is *there* to be awakened, his feeling that Germany has departed from her real *self* in following Bismarck and the new nationalism and militarism and big industrialism, his faith that she can yet come back and up to her true mission, which, partly on account of her very geographical position at the heart of Europe, is to be a mediator and quickening centre for an organization and federated union of the European peoples.

He expressly rejects the idea that the Powers are alike responsible for the war—Germany's guilt (though not sole) is greater. The fault really began in 1866 with the war with Austria and grew with the war with France in 1870—annexations following in both cases. It appeared afresh in the rejection of the Hague proposals of disarmament and arbitration—*after* which the policy of "Einkreisung" against her began. Her acts of 1914 and the following years were only a climax. By her support of the ultimatum to Serbia in 1914, her refusal of the mediating efforts of Great Britain, her precipitate declaration of war against Russia, her invasion of Belgium, the terror established there, the deportations, the devastations, the (first) use of poison gas, the *sinking of the Lusitania*, the unrestricted submarine warfare, the Zeppelin raids on London, the fresh programs of annexation and the peace of Brest-Litovsk, she arrayed in time almost the whole world against her and is responsible for the world dimensions of the war, as is no other Power. Professor Foerster wants no extenuation of her guilt, objects to no reasonable punishment that may be inflicted on her. Mea (nostra) culpa is his word; his book is intimate, personal, a kind of reasoning with his countrymen of sin, righteousness and judgment to come (in a sense, that *has* come). We feel the mingled austerity and love of an old-time Hebrew prophet breathing through it. There are no railing accusations against the enemy; "let *them* confess their sins, I speak for my own," he in effect says. Take for example language like the following: "Ich kenne das neudeutsche Uebel von Grund aus, kenne es als Berliner, als Preusse, mir machte ihr nichts vor mit eueren Flausen von den 'Anderen'; meine lieben Landsleute, ich kenne die Anderen und kenne 'uns,' ich überlasse es den Anderen, ihre besonderen Sünden zu erkennen und herauszuschneiden—ich bin Deutscher und bange um Deutschland, um Deutschlands Rettung vom preussischen Geiste bange ich, und seid versichert: ihr werdet mich nicht los" (p. 152).

I will not go into details or attempt anything like a review. In some matters he may need correction, or rather supplementation; in his desire to be upright, he may occasionally lean backward. The value, the unique significance of the book lies not in statements one may dispute about, but in its wonderful tone, and spirit, and purpose.

How shall we take it? No doubt some, many, perhaps most, among us will say "There, we have it from their own mouths," and will hate the Germans more righteously than ever; and they will have their justification. But perhaps a few, touched by this singular example of highmindedness, may turn their eyes questioningly on themselves, their own countries, and ask whether they, too, are altogether without blame? Did *we* do what we could to prevent the catastrophe, or at least to keep it in the narrowest possible limits, to bring it to its quickest possible end, and to have the end something better, of more promise to the world, than the peace which has usually followed war in the past?" What, if stirred to such self-questioning, may Frenchmen say about their pre-war relations with Russia, about their virtual condoning of the murder of Jaurez in 1914, about the inwardness of their treatment of Caillaux? Was it all in the interests of peace—or of something else? Why, when the Germans, in the uncertain situation immediately preceding the war, sought from them peaceful assurances, did they simply say that they would be guided by their "interests"? What may Englishmen say about the official withholding from Parliament and people, when war was about to be declared, of the fact of German offers to respect Belgium's neutrality and to safeguard France—about the virtual command made to Belgium "to resist by any means in their power"—about the unlawful interference with neutral commerce and mails, which provoked the Germans to still worse offences? We Americans were doubtless more disinterested and had cleaner hands in entering the war, but had we ourselves done what we could for peace—and not rather some things that only prolonged, intensified and embittered the conflict? To a certain extent had we not even brought the war on ourselves rather than had it forced upon us? What about freely and without stint furnishing, as we did, weapons to carry on Europe's fratricidal strife (our right surely, but nowise our obligation), what about tolerating wrongs from one side that only led to graver wrongs by the other, what about virtually encouraging our citizens to take passage on armed merchantmen that directly led to the breach with Germany? And, once in the war, what about giving up all ideas of a peace of understanding and conciliation, insisting on a "victors' peace"—with the Versailles Treaty (something little less ignoble than Brest-Litovsk), and the present fearful demoralization and disintegration of large parts of Europe, as the inevitable result?

It is not for me, a layman in such matters, to answer these questions, but I think they are questions likely to be asked by any among ourselves and the Allies who search their hearts and their memories and the records, in accordance with the fearless, truthful, super-"patriotic" spirit of Professor Foerster. It may be that all have come "short of the glory of God," though in very varying degrees, and need a humbler mind. It may be that this is the only way to real and permanent peace. If the faults are less grave on the side of the late enemies of Germany, it should be so much the easier and the more noble to own and to rue them.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

* It may be had of Professor J. H. Gore, 2210 R St., Washington, D. C., and also, I understand, at Brentano's, New York.

In Defense of Foch

SIR: A correspondent who maintains annonymity under the initials M. S. writes you bitterly that "Foch lauds Napoleon" in the presence of, and presumably with the approval of, the American ambassador at Paris, whereas the poor Germans who did honor to Napoleon's memory were denied any such encouragement.

Read what Maréchal Foch said:

"A mon avis, il faut chercher ailleurs la profonde raison du désastre qui l'accabla. Il oublia qu'un homme ne peut être Dieu; qu'au-dessus de l'individu, il y a la nation; qu'au-dessus des hommes il y a la morale; et que la guerre n'est pas le but suprême, car, au-dessus d'elle il y la paix."

Until M. S. finds a Prussian military leader who says in substance that, his or her best role is silence.

New York City. HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

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Books and Things

WHAT did the literary critics have to say for themselves, apropos of Rossetti, when Rossetti was new? I am glad I asked myself that question. One of the minor annoyances of life is people's failure to ask the question which one fully intends to answer. And I have lately been looking, as it happens, through the pages of an old magazine or two.

Rossetti's second and last untranslated volume, completing The House of Life, was published in 1881. He died in April, 1882, in his fifty-fourth year. Writing just before his death, an Edinburgh Reviewer, anonymous, as all Edinburgh Reviewers were in those days, had this to say: "In spite of a good deal of mere musical beauty of language in many of the sonnets, we turn over most of them with an increasing sense of their intellectual barrenness and weakness, of the preponderance of mere sound over meaning, of the prevalence of an elaborate and cloying mannerism of words and metaphors, which seems not so much the expression of fullness of thought as the arrangement of elaborate drapery to hide the tenuity of meaning."

Inexcusably stupid? Stupid enough, in all conscience, but not I think quite inexcusably. Rossetti's diction must, at a first encounter, have called excessive attention to itself. It is studded with many of the first aids to writers of sonnets, with things like as when, even as, even I and she, lo! and so on; rubber stamps which even now may surprise us in Rossetti unless we remember that his picking and choosing fastidiousness consisted less in rejecting what too many mediocre poets had liked too well than in rejecting only what he himself disliked at first-hand. Besides, he enriched, as he thought, his diction by weaving into it a few archaic or rare words, such as dule, teen, malison, euphrasy—"stunning words for poetry," he calls these properties in a letter.

Shall we in our self-righteousness strike a censorious attitude as we read this luckless Edinburgh Reviewer? who after all, in so far as he mistook Rossetti's for costume poems, was only guilty of the same error that we all fall into, except the few of us who can see with our eyes, whenever we allow the firemen's uniform to keep us from distinguishing the individual Irishmen who wear it. Nothing is more characteristic of Rossetti's poems, long or short, than their design, their structure, the thoroughness of their "fundamental brainwork." Unhappy Edinburgh Reviewer, so self-confident, so unperceiving, seeing only the tapestry, missing so many of the strange new forms which the tapestry fitted so exactly! His mistake was mine, a few years ago, when first I arrived at a mountainous West Indian island, where the greenery lying over all the landscape, the arras-weaving lianas hanging everywhere, muffling every cliff, blinded me for several days to Dominica's variety and steepness and essential bones.

Harder to forgive is another passage in the same Edinburgh article, where the reviewer gives vent to his amazement that the author of Jenny should treat, in The House of Life, "the subject of conjugal love so as to lower it more than we remember to have seen it lowered in any serious poetry before; should substitute for true affection the languors of sickly and unwholesome passion, expressed in language which, however overlaid with far-fetched and fantastic metaphor, comes at times little short of absolute pruriency." Just after Rossetti's death J. C. Shairp, Principal Shairp, wrote of The House of Life in the same strain. "These sonnets," he said in the Contemporary Review, "not only express, but brood over, thoughts and imaginations which should not be expressed, or even dwelt on in secret thought. . . . What would become of our English homes if an atmosphere like this were allowed to pervade them?" Shairp and the Edinburgh Reviewer appear to have assumed that the offspring of a chivalrous Christian gentleman, even if he be a layman, are begotten inattentively, that a pure woman's children are conceived, like Maia's,

> Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was
> With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.

Nevertheless, I cannot be astonished that people were slow to decipher Rossetti's love poems. Anything but a sickly lover, he took sickness so much for granted as one of the marks of love that he would have denied that high name to any feeling which Principal Shairp, for example, would have commended on the score of its wholesomeness and health. Rossetti's lovers are at once sick and unashamed, innocent and curiously considering. In his House of Life the bodily union of lovers has equal rights with those elaborately derivative relations, delicate, tender, spiritual, the source of which, as the lovers would not if they could forget, is this union and their longing for it. No wonder Principal Shairp was upset. The passion Rossetti unveiled to him was both physical and yet sanctionable somehow, so far as one could make out, by the church, by some church in which desire, grown mystic, sang anthems. These lovers, and perhaps in their critic's eyes it was their darkest offense, disregard the alternative suggested by the apostle when he says it is better to marry than to burn. They prefer to do both. An altar, incense, a folding hothouse to yearn and swoon in, these they would include in their outfit if ever they camped out. They don't camp out, to be sure, but they spend many hours in the open air, in many places seen and remembered with beauty, and wherever they go, to groves and coverts, to hill summit or roadside dell of rest, your eye can trace them by the smoke of the incense they carry along.

A first reading of Rossetti, to the best of my recollection, is like being shut up with Desire and Memory in a small room, lit by windows of richly-stained glass. Later, when our eyes have caught the knack of not stopping at the many-colored panes, we learn to look through them, as easily as Memory and Desire are looking, upon prospects unexpectedly wide, where every detail is amazingly definite, where every feeling however transitory, every thought no matter how curious, becomes an addition to our sensible world. Rossetti's elaborate manner is an effect and a cause of his visual ardor. So is his simplest, his "sudden and lovely" manner. They wear well, his intense pictures of love, hatred, light, heat, water, clouds. In his case even thought, being his own and never seeming dictated to him by the perishable spirit of the age, wears well. Most remarkable of all, to my taste, in their power to weather change and time, are his sonnet endings. For his sonnets do not end in words. They only appear to do so. They end in wonder, fire, memory and death, in lonely spires, in the sound of bells, in sky-spaces and sea-spaces, in

> Visions of golden futures; or that last
> Wild pageant of the accumulated past
> That clangs and flashes for a drowning man.

Rossetti will never be popular, I suppose. He is one of those poets to whose door no highway leads, but a foot-track only, along which a few travellers will always be going, in single file. P. L.

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On To Eternity!

Back to Methuselah, a Metabiological Pentateuch, by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

IN one sense this book is like Gulliver's Travels. Swift wasn't anxious to write a Bible but he was enormously anxious to set his own generation in critical perspective. So is Shaw. And where Swift played with the normal span of human space to get his contrasts, Shaw has played with the normal span of human time. He has imagined, not at all out of caprice, the extension of men's lives to three hundred years. At one end he has pictured the longevity of Adam and Eve, and at the other he has gone definitely to A. D. 31,920, "as far as thought can reach."

In that year, mothers may be interested to know, the young will be born out of egg-shells at the age of eighteen or so, very much in the size and mood of our present flappers, squabs and chickens. With romantic love at this period Shaw is even more bored than he is now. His really mature He-Ancients and She-Ancients have lost their play-instincts, their absorption in art or personal passion. They are so immensely experienced that they go around in a kind of germ-free austerity, fairly beyond sleep or food or love or hair, bent only on omnipotence and omniscience, knowledge and power. Mme. Curie, one feels, and Thomas Edison are visibly en route, but few others. Most of us are hopelessly food-ridden, sleep-ridden and hairy, with the thickest personal preoccupations. We'd have as miserable a time with the Ancients as Cleopatra and Ozymandias did.

To tell his story of man's elongated life Shaw writes five fair-sized plays. And to these legends of the Bible for Creative Evolution he has prefixed one of the most fascinating surveys he has ever written. It is, in effect, his verdict on the present educated critical class and their futile and dangerous scepticism. Scepticism, he practically says, won't do. We, the intellectuals, did very well to chuck our religion when we found Darwin. We did very well to plump for science. But in accepting what is usually called Darwinism we accepted "a ghastly and damnable reduction of beauty and intelligence, of strength and purpose, of honor and aspiration, to such casually picturesque changes as an avalanche may make in a landscape, or a railway accident in a human figure." We made the way clear for Anti-Man posing as Superman; for materialism posing as destiny; for profiteers posing as libertarians; for opportunists posing as statesmen. We gave up God for an extra-ethical process, and we reaped Ochs and Northcliffe, the Kaiser and Lloyd George. We now have eastern civilization bottled up and western civilization betrayed.

We have the type of "leader" who is humbugging the people "into furthering his personal ambition and the commercial interests of the plutocrats who own the newspapers and support him on reciprocal terms"—a leader who humbugs "on principle, believing that if everyone takes the line of least material resistance the result will be the survival of the fittest in a perfectly harmonious universe. Once produce an atmosphere of fatalism on principle, and it matters little what the opinions or superstitions of the individual statesmen concerned may be. A Kaiser who is a devout reader of sermons, a Prime Minister who is an emotional singer of hymns, and a General who is a bigotted Roman Catholic may be the executants of the policy; but the policy itself will be one of unprincipled opportunism; and all the governments will be like the tramp who walks always with the wind and ends as a pauper, or the stone that rolls down the hill and ends as an avalanche: their way is the way to destruction."

Must we then go back to God on the principle that "common irreligion will destroy civilization unless it is countered by common religion?" No, Shaw is not following in the large, loose footprints of Chesterton and Belloc. He says "very precisely" that the bankruptcy of Darwinism does not mean a return to hocus-pocus. "Civilization cannot be saved by people not only crude enough to believe these things, but irreligious enough to believe that such belief constitutes a religion. The education of children cannot safely be left in their hands. If dwindling sects like the Church of England, the Church of Rome, the Greek Church, and the rest, persist in trying to cramp the human mind within the limits of these grotesque perversions of natural truths and poetic metaphors, then they must be ruthlessly banished from the schools until they either perish in general contempt or discover the soul that is hidden in every dogma. The real Class War will be a war of intellectual classes; and its conquest will be the souls of the children."

What, then, to do? Let us pool our religious legends, if it please us. Let us keep the poetry and the fairy tales if we want to. But let us espouse a faith that is founded on science and requires of us no stultification. Let us keep "mind in the universe" and make of evolution a conception based on that self-control which is "nothing but a highly developed vital sense, dominating and regulating the mere appetites." With it, "the revival of religion on a scientific basis," will have a "glorious rebirth of art." For "art has never been great when it was not providing an iconography for a live religion." So we have Back to Methuselah, the iconography for Creative Evolution. Not that Shaw thinks too highly of it. "My powers are waning; but so much the better for those who found me unbearably brilliant when I was in my prime. It is my hope that a hundred apter and more elegant parables by younger hands will soon leave mine as far behind as the religious pictures of the fifteenth century left behind the first attempts of the early Christians at iconography."

The plays are not noticeably feeble! The first, In the Beginning: B. C. 4004 (In the Garden of Eden), portrays an Eve on the Candida order, with Cain's militarism wearying her almost as much as the clodhopper-seriousness of Adam. But in her there dawns the Dream of imagination and will.

It is passed on, in the next act, to Lloyd George and Asquith, who appear as Joyce Burge and Lubin. These two great statesmen are informed by a couple of scientists named Barnabas that civilization had always failed "because the citizens and statesmen died of old age or overeating before they had grown out of schoolboy games and savage sports and cigars and champagne." To the yellow-journalist mind of Joyce Burge and the armchair temperament of Lubin the gospel of the brothers Barnabas means nothing. And even in 2170 A. D., when "the thing happens," the Burge-Lubin British statesman (with his Negress and Chinese administrators doing the real work) is still amazingly immature. In 3000 A. D. the immaturity persists. Though we observe in 2170 the visible-audible telephone and in 3000 the management of wireless for police-work, etc., we see our Napoleon as a

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megalomaniac still trying to dodge the awful costs of "victory," and we see our British statesmen from their new "cradle" in Mesopotamia consulting the aged Oracle at Galway as to the "destiny of English civilization"—viz., who'll win the next general election? One of them, however, cannot go back to English civilization. "I cannot live among people to whom nothing is real." And in the final play which takes place in A. D. 31,920, we see the Real.

As in A. D. 3,000, many of our pivotal ideas have become unintelligible. Passions now exigent have gone out of date so completely that references to them cannot be understood; and the real joys are the joys of "grasping the world; taking it to pieces; building it up again; devising methods; planning experiments to test the methods; and having a glorious time." Comfort ceases to matter. "Comfort makes winter a torture, spring an illness, summer an oppression, and autumn only a respite." In youth "all you have to do now is to play with your companions. They have many pretty toys, as you see: a playhouse, pictures, images, flowers, bright fabrics, music: above all, themselves; for the most amusing child's toy is another child. At the end of four years [about forty], your mind will change: you will become wise; and then you will be entrusted with power." By comparison, the poverty of what we call human nature today is patent even to the infants of 31,920. They attend the exhibition of two dolls; namely, two cleverly invented human beings. "You see that they have no self-control, and are merely shuddering through a series of reflexes."

The point is clear. "After passing a million goals they press on to the goal of redemption from the flesh to the vortex freed from matter, to the whirlpool in pure intelligence that, when the world began, was a whirlpool in pure force." This is mankind's passage, and faith in this process of cooperative evolution is Shaw's religion.

Sympathy, one observes, is quite taken for granted. Democracy, Socialism and Votes for Women are not sneered at. "If you cannot organize Socialism," Shaw says brusquely, "you cannot organize civilized life; and you will relapse into barbarism accordingly." But it is the beyond that engages him; and to see that whirling white beyond he willingly loses the last of our many-colored human moods. Those moods are for the young; for the Ancients there is self-control; knowledge, power. And the great gift of being alone, and being out of the reach of fools.

Not being an Ancient myself, I find the ideal thin-skinned, thin-blooded and chilling. Shaw divorces the flesh too easily. Still, at his age, as Plato remarked some years ago, the wild horses jingle their harness very musically and one forgets the mad music of earlier years and becomes mighty philosophical.

When I reach Shaw's age, I hope to be the same. Meanwhile I rejoice that for human faith he has poetized the theme of creative evolution. It is a theme that Mrs. Eddy played with in her own way, as well as William James in his rallying popular essays. It is no more fool-proof than any other dynamic idea. But it has volcanic fire in these legends. To the top of this literary Popocatapetl I have crawled, gasping, and, wearing snow-spectacles, I assert that Shaw is still unbearably brilliant.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Tardieu Pats Himself on the Back

The Truth About the Treaty, by André Tardieu. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

I HAVE never read a prize-fighter's account of his own fight. I should expect him to rejoice in his victory. I suppose he would remember the number of rounds. He would probably recall his opponent's more effective uppercuts. Perhaps he would accurately describe how he delivered his knock-out blow. But I doubt whether I should be interested in what he would have to say about the moral value of the sport or the security of his own title to the championship.

I would not for a moment think of comparing M. Tardieu with a prize-fighter. Yet I have finished his book with much the same feeling that I should expect to have in finishing a book by Carpentier on How I Knocked Out Jack Dempsey.

M. Tardieu could write many books about the Peace—very different books. Each could tell "the truth about the Treaty." Each could tell a different part of the truth. The resourceful, versatile, many-sided aide-de-camp-in-chief to Clemenceau could perhaps tell as much of the truth as any other man in French politics. But I doubt whether a five-foot shelf of his volumes would tell the whole truth. Not that he did not see behind and through the curtains which Allied unity and the solid-front-to-the-enemy hung over Paris in 1919. Not that he was ever content with a formula of words as anything but a temporary solvent. Not that he was ever seduced into thinking that some single thread of principle or purpose was to be woven through that fabric of the world's chaos. But his limitations were those of one who occupies the centre of the ring as the chief participant in the combat—more than that, of one on whose skillful performance an enraptured audience has fixed its gaze and critical enemies centred their fire.

A partial statement of facts as they are looked back upon by one who still holds a brief for Clemenceau; a militant polemic issued in the course of a bitter struggle in French politics; a brilliant attempt to wither the criticism of the Peace Conference; a clever propagandist effusion appearing some months after the natural impulse to propagandize about the war has generally spent itself; an able effort to keep alive the conception of France as the frontier of freedom—these comprise only a brief description of the book.

Why has M. Tardieu chosen to write such a volume? It is not merely an "appeal to the consciences of the British and American people." It is indeed a plea for the American ratification of the Peace, and for American political support—support, that is, for France's efforts to maintain her position as the principal Power in Europe. It is an earnest bid to the English people to repudiate "the pro-German scribe of Cambridge," and to reconcile their government to holding the bag while France goes out to stir up the snipes. But it is much more—and it is this feature that makes it necessary to read the book with care. It is first and foremost a white-washing of the Clemenceau ministry which was overthrown in January, 1920, by the "unsavory and dishonorable work of a lobby." It is an incident of a turbulent political struggle which is by no means ended, and which may yet make Tardieu the Premier of France. The American public must read it as a campaign document in a continuous election fight.

M. Tardieu understands enough of modern psychology

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to realize that good reasons need not be real reasons. He appreciates the necessity for proper labels. He talks largely of "realities." He confines himself "to facts, to figures, to documents." He pronounces the Treaty "a Peace of Justice and of Right." "History will record with approval that even in the most difficult hours the 'Four' always spoke the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." He says that "rarely was a political undertaking more honestly and more scrupulously prepared." He proclaims the Rhine as a place where France must "mount guard for Liberty."

But such expressions should not lead one to suppose that before the event M. Tardieu ever permitted his insight to become beclouded with moralizations. With him, as with so many modern French intellectuals, perceptions are not to be muddled with abstracted morals until after solutions have been reached. Before the event, M. Tardieu saw the various possible courses of action quite clearly; he invested none of them with such moral qualities as rightness or wrongness; his judgment was always certain. After the event, the decision which had been reached was not only right—any other possible course would have been utterly wrong.

No other European was so closely in touch with the development of American opinion during the war. His own narrative of how he helped to cultivate American opinion gives an indication of his attitude toward the larger problems of the war. On arriving in Washington in May, 1917, he found that "the question of Alsace-Lorraine was misunderstood by the majority" in this country. It was the kind of "misunderstanding" which a skillful propagandist knows how to dispel. He at once set to work to change the "insultingly illegitimate" opinion held by the majority of the American people that some sort of plebiscite or neutralization should be adopted for Alsace-Lorraine. To be sure it took two hours of his own time in arguing with Mr. Walter Lippmann, and 15,000 lectures by young French officers who "with all the authority of their war records and their wounds, presented the pitiful situation of the captive provinces." But the success of such methods was so complete that "a few months later this state of opinion was entirely changed," and "from the beginning to the end of the Peace Conference, President Wilson was for all of our Alsace-Lorraine proposals, a staunch, active friend."

A less astute observer of the various delegations at Paris might have contented himself with a condemnation of American opposition to certain French policies as stupid or dishonorable. But M. Tardieu found it wiser to study American opposition with a view to circumventing it. He seems to have thought that the American delegation was straining a point in insisting on the armistice as a contract with the enemy Powers. He seems to have concluded that "reasoning borrowed from the past had little appeal for President Wilson." But he considers himself to have succeeded in understanding and meeting American opposition, for he states that "in all cases where the Americans were concerned, we managed to effect a working compromise." Yet this was achieved "without ever reaching an agreement in principle." Such observations are intended to dispose of critics in France who still say that Clemenceau permitted himself to be twisted around Wilson's little finger, just as critics in America contend that Wilson was duped by Clemenceau.

But Keynes and his book are handled with thinner gloves. It was Keynes who seems to have convinced Tardieu that "with specialists feelings forfeit rights." Clemenceau in his introduction finds that Keynes has neither imagination nor character. And so Tardieu disposes of him quite early, in a footnote on page 94. He there states once for all that he will not "waste time on the insults addressed by Mr. Keynes to France." But the renunciation proves too much for Tardieu's enjoyment of his own wrath. Keynes keeps bobbing up in every chapter, until in the last chapter it is finally admitted that Keynes did in fact only exaggerate the contradictions which really existed and which were "due to differences of mental process and divergent traditions."

It was not a world war, to Tardieu. It did not end with a world peace. It was one in an unending series of Franco-Prussian wars. It ended with a Franco-Prussian peace. A reader of the book is not troubled, therefore, with any vague aspirations about a new world order. Hence the League of Nations finds scant space in this "truth about the Treaty." It gets only a niche in a tool-box, along with other tools by which the fruits of victory are to be secured to France. The only possible international law of the future is the treaty which Germany has signed. Far more important than any patent inventions for the future of international relations, are the treaties of alliance by which England and the United States are to come to the aid of France. And M. Tardieu would have it remembered that if the support sought by these treaties does not materialize, then under Article 429 France may—and will—continue the occupation of the Rhinelands beyond 1935. The Treaty does provide in Article 431 that the occupied forces will be withdrawn at the end of fifteen years if before that time Germany complies with all her undertakings. But this was not felt to be a cramping limitation by M. Tardieu, who realized with M. Clemenceau that no other treaty "ever involved so many risks of non-execution."

It is not unnatural that to a Frenchman the largesse of making the world safe for democracy yields place to making Europe safe for France. Civilization needs France and must assure her security. But one reads M. Tardieu's book with a sinking sense of realization that even he would build France's future on the sands of dissolving alliances. It is not surprising that a military man like Marshal Foch should cherish illusions of certainty in politics; his training had never equipped him for political strategy, as is shown by his quarrel with Clemenceau at the time he refused to carry out the orders of the Peace Conference. But it is shocking that M. Tardieu should not realize that the United States and Great Britain will not forever be at hand to help the French against the Germans. And here he seems to fall into the mesh which has caught so many French politicians. He fails to envisage any general European system which would make it unnecessary for each new generation to devote its energy to the struggle between France and Germany.

A statesman of larger vision would not include the apology for the Allies' refraining from vivisecting Germany and dismembering the German tribes, as Mr. Morton Fullerton advised. He would make the truth about the Treaty mean something more than reparation and the exploitation of the Saar and the return of Alsace-Lorraine. He would seize upon Clemenceau's statement to the Chamber that "the Treaty will be what you make it." He would make the Treaty a basis for building a European polity in which France would not have to depend on an unstable Poland for her security; in which she would not need the liaison with Hungary for keeping her prestige;

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in which a neo-imperialism in Syria would not be necessary to enable the French peasant to tuck away his sous. The vision of this Europe and of France's place in it is sometimes glimpsed by M. Briand, when his enemies permit him to indulge in a bit of moderation. If such a polity could be based upon the Treaty of Peace, it would mean that France had indeed won the war; that she had won from it security and peace. It would have to mean also that M. Tardieu's book could not stop with his incidental references to the League of Nations.

To win the war, France seems to have found it necessary to give up the things for which she most desired to win it. She seems to have taken Germany's place in the overlordship of the same kind of Europe. To M. Tardieu this is all that counts. The rest of Europe does not matter: Italy is only a back door, the Balkans a window, Russia a side entrance. The Europe of the future is a Europe of Germans dominated by Frenchmen. The war which was supposed to bring security has only shifted the balance of power. In spite of the Tardieus, the American friends of France must continue to work for the security of France through the integration of world politics.

X.

Children in the Mist

Children in the Mist, by George Madden Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE subtilizing tints of wide horizons in space and time have always had a peculiar charm in the art of fiction. In the first narrative in Mrs. Martin's collection of tales this charm breathes from both scene and circumstance.

A sympathetic story of the close of the Civil War, The Flight, recounts the events of the night journey of Miss Begué, the ageing mistress of a great plantation, with her two young nieces and three dark-skinned little boys, Pompey, Alec and Caesar, under the guidance of Miss Begué's heroic African nurse, Maum Harriet—a terrifying journey down a secret slave-road away from their ancient possessions towards a strange new day.

In the mysterious, southern night, under the cloud-latticed moon, you steal away, steal away through savannahs of shimmering sedge-grass, by dug-out canoe, and reedy ferry, through the wild cypress-swamp, where Maum Harriet sees against the lunar twilight, the red flare from the distant holocaust of her mistress's homestead.

"Was she remembering a burning and devastated village in a far land, the continent of her birth? Recalling a caravan of human beings, marching in file with chains on their necks, through jungle and stream to a slave-ship on the coast? Had time effaced the horrors of the passage over? The torture of the bilboes; the darkness and foulness beneath the decks? Or softened the miseries of the landing on the Georgian coast? Or blotted out the recollection of that auction of human flesh in the slave-market in Savannah? Twenty years ago this Harriet's only son, Ham the runaway, had crept home to his mother from this swamp, broken and dying of its miasmic poison and fever; twenty years ago Pela Tom, the father of her son, had disappeared into the swamp to reappear no more."

The reader deserves to learn for himself of Maum Harriet's deeds and decisions; and whether she found a way out for her charges through the cypress swamp. In a certain sense the book is a series of stories of the way out for African and Caucasian together through the wilds of our national civilization. The way out for Susie, the proud descendant of the Inca Nanco Capac, in the fantastic, picaresque tale of the Blue Handkerchief. The way out for Pom the struggler against superstitions, against conjuh-doctors and cantrips; or for Angelique, the wise nurse and healer of the sleeping sickness, whose young kinsman had been betrayed by the baseness of his white guardians.

They live—or nearly all of them live—in a south where the loons scream and the rice-fields quiver, and the panther-cat's foot snaps a light branch in the deep woods, where cloth-of-gold roses scatter their fragrance, and the moss drips gray from the live-oaks, and in our march "the magnolias and camellias are in mid-bloom" under the white cloud-shadows that darken the blue day-time for the leaf-hid mocking-birds.

Dated from 1863 to 1920, the tales give us a serial record of Up From Slavery.

"If"—says Mrs. Martin, in the preface—"the tales claim too little for the Negro, laying no emphasis upon those of his race who have forged ahead, the answer is that the writer has known him in the black belt of Mississippi, in Louisiana and Florida, in the rice-country of Carolina, and has lived side by side with him in rural Kentucky."

Nevertheless in this wide-flung scene and circumstance the men and women of the dark races whom Mrs. Martin presents are so fully adult in their courage and responsibility that their virtues seem to deny the validity of the book's title.

To the reviewer most of these dark heroes and heroines appear neither more bewildered, and certainly not more juvenile than most of the caucasians of her own observation. The other day in Chicago I saw a white citizen of about fifty, a tall, solid-looking man attempting to cross diagonally the intersection of two down-town streets. Though the midway space was temporarily empty he collided with the traffic policeman, a member of his own race; and at this seized the officer's hand, extended his arm in a dancing posture, placed his other arm about the policeman's waist, and guided him in a rapid waltz several times about the opening, to the increased gaiety of the passers-by and of the officer who instantly threw himself into the spirit of the occasion.

No one remarked on the scene as typifying the ineradicable juvenility of the white race. Yet this and countless other spontaneous American incidents—the traditional pleasure inspired by Eugene Field, before an intended visit of Oscar Wilde, when the Middle Western poet, with a large sun-flower in his button-hole, drove in an open carriage about the streets of Denver, bowing graciously to the interested multitudes—the spectacle of national political conventions and of numerous other phenomena often lead one to wonder whether the population of the country may not be mainly composed of Child Races. Perhaps we have no Adult Race.

Whatever one's view of the relative juvenility of races, the wrongs these stories narrate are intensified in one's consciousness by the author's sense and wisdom in never sentimentalizing her inter-racial chronicles. The spirit of the book is large enough to laugh at individual absurdities of adjustment, without deriding the advancement of a people, more than Jane Austen derides education for woman in her ridicule of Mary Bennett, a person hardly more at sea in her portentous learning than the piteous colored maid Docia, who remarked in reference to beaten biscuit that she was sure she could make it "if we would explain the physical laws."

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A long-awaited literary event

H. G. WELLS

Replies to His Critics

on his

"OUTLINE OF HISTORY"

in the July

YALE REVIEW

ONE of the outstanding books of the year that everyone has to read is H. G. Wells' "Outline of History." Over 200,000 copies have been sold in England and America. It is still being widely discussed and the heavy artillery of more than one group that have been hit by it are still firing hot shot at the author.

Until now Mr. Wells has not replied to these critics. But in *The Yale Review* for July he gives to his American readers a brilliant and even agressive answer to them.

WHAT MR. WELLS HAS TO SAY (he calls it a "Postscript" to his book) will make such a stir in educational and theological circles that no reader of the book can afford to miss it. Here are his headings:

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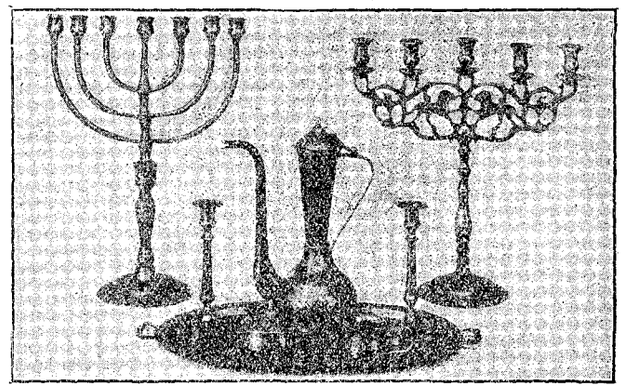
Contributors

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, a Russian writer who came to America a few years ago, has recently returned from a six months' visit to Russia. He is the author of The Soul of the Russian Revolution and A Guide to Russian Literature (1820—1917).

ARTHUR GLEASON is a member of the Bureau of Industrial Research, New York City.

LAWRENCE GILMAN, musical critic and essayist, is the author of The Music of Tomorrow, Aspects of Modern Opera, Nature in Music, and numerous other volumes of musical criticism.

SANFORD GRIFFITH is a graduate of the University of Chicago. He was a member of the Armistice Commission and American Representative on the inter-Allied Commission of Industrial Restitution.



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